

Scorching Arctic

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Summary: Problems are happening in the Northern Islands, to who ever could, sent small help of a letter, that had reached out to the people of Berk. But with how things played for Stoic's level headed son, Hiccup. Even when the "problems" before follow him home. The good and the bad. R&R, AU, OOC.

1. In Need

Chapter 1: In Need

A light frost had settled in the small island of Berk, a fair warning of winter's gale, for that of any plans made in later dates, best to move them sooner.

It was a faint thought going through the mind of lad, awaking from his rest, glancing to see season's slow change as well, rushing up and out of bed, dressing for the cold weather. Careful, with each step, not defective to trip, wanting the day to start; on a high note, yet it seem not today was the day.

Having to pick himself up from the short fall, while putting on his boot, glaring at his metal prototypical leg, seeing that a lack had come undone while moving about, again. With a helpless sigh, set down near his working desk for the tools to fix.

Wasting a good half an hour of the day already, finished what he was on track to do before, finally racing out into the cold. Rubbing his arms for short warmth needed, calming himself, as he walked about his small village.

Hoping to find his flying companion, when seeing others were already with theirs, he had yet to find his.

"Toothless!" He shouted, not in all worry, but mostly for the fact, his companion might be up to something. For, trying hard to keep the smirk from showing, called out again. "Toothless!"

Before the lad could even try to call out, he was quickly jumped upon. Heavily placed down by a black as night scaled flying lizard, a dragon of a mid-size, happily licking his friend, even though the latter was begging the one named Toothless to stop, but the laughter was hard to make the words clear to understand.

"Toothless, there are you bud. Where have you been?" The lad tried to ask, but soon gave up, when not given the slightest chance, patted Toothless on the head, giving him enough time to get back to his feet.

Though, the lad could have dealt without the drool.

"Ah, Toothless . . ."

Stopping with only a teasing glare to the dragon, finding nothing else to say, would have been pointless.

Couldn't help it though to spare a smile, knowing without anything, the dragon was ready to get into the sky.

"Hiccup, wait a moment!"

A voice called not far from duo. Said boy looked over his shoulder, to see his teacher and very much like an uncle to him, wobbling over to him. A look that could only mock that of his father.

"Yes, Gobber, what is it? I was going to take Toothless out for his daily flight."

"I can see that. But your father needs you for something else do, just go speak with him for a moment. With luck, you might get to take your pet out."

Hiccup only glumly gave an exhale of breath, looking to his dragon.

"I'll be right back, bud." Saying to his dragon, before, dashing off in pursuit of his father, wanting to whatever the man needed over and down with.

Upon an hour or so search, found his father, in the grand hall. Inquiring some chat with some other Vikings of only what Odin's knows. When Hiccup was close to them, the chat between the three taller men, two gave their goodbyes, leaving him and father alone, for their discussion.

"Ah, Hiccup, glad you were able to find me. I need you to do something, with how the winter becoming. I am ever needed here. So, I need you to travel to a fellow island up north, for this." His father stated quickly, wanting the other to have little chance of backing out.

"For how long will I'll be gone?"

"Hard to say, I hope to see you back in a few days' time." Stoick, his father, started out with saying. "I would you to also take your dragon, for we need all ships here for ration supplies." With that said, handed the letter to his son.

Glancing over it, taking in what was for the needed to vastly be known. Soon, looking back to face his father; after he was for soon done.

"It's all very last-minute, here, dad."

"I know, I know, but I just the notice before you came to find me. I wouldn't have asked for you, if not knowing of the other problems on the other side of the isle." Stoick reminded Hiccup.

Hiccup gave a sigh. "Alright, I'll get packing and head out. I'm sure that whatever the problem is, I'll be back soon to help.

Stoick placed a hand on his son's shoulder, patting gently, but it still shook Hiccup to almost lose his balance.

"Good. Be safe and return back just the same."

"Bye dad." Hiccup said back, in the same tone as the other, starting to dash out the grand hall, having to quickly pack, and strapped up Toothless in haste.

When finishing up the last bind, saddling himself up on the back of his dark scale lizard, not soon taking off when seeing Astrid rushed up to him, asking where he was off to. Sparing only little detail of what was in the letter. Which; was hidey tucked away in his belts to not be seen by others.

"You'd think you and others will handle things while I'm gone?"

"We'll be fine. Hurry back."

With that said and done. Hiccup had Toothless take off, straight to the lands of the northern islets.

2. Surviving

Chapter 2: Surviving

At the fastest flight Toothless could do, through the devastating hurricane of ice, wind and forest wreckage. Barely able to afloat through the slowly being ice covered ocean, missing the tallest trees there were, as the dragon kept soaring.

Faint groans of discomfort echoed deeply from his rider, having yet to handle the coldness easily as the other. Body shaking from the fear, that if they didn't hurry across the icy sea, the chances of surviving were lowering each second.

With the last of the sun's light, mere hours ago, was nothing left but what could be from the waxing crescent moon, through the thick gray clouds. The winds picking up as the duo further more north.

Hiccup glanced wary now and then, to the joins and metals of Toothless's reproduction tail, as well as his leg. If a finally gust came their way, it was to feel fatal. Senses were failing fast, too

fast for them.

Ice blinding Hiccup, having him unsure what to do next, numbness raked through his body from even feeling the hard snow pelted his body anymore, as well his grip of everything.

"Come on, buddy, we're almost there." Hiccup gasped weakly, but pressed on enough for his dragon to do the same.

Toothless was able to grunting roar in return, able get moving, even with the lack movement that was coming from his rider.

The sky only thickening more, with the last use of the moon gone, was leaving the two in darkness. But kept going, the storm wasn't going to take them down, not like this. Hiccup's will was soon becoming that as the moon, but the lone flickers of lamps in a small distance away, finally came into view.

Hiccup compelled Toothless to keep going. Until they were soon overlooking the village, some people out to see the two, barely, but they saw enough. For, the two travelers to crash land, nearing an outing of trees to break their fall, have soon passed out from the long travel.

Villagers working fast to get the two out of the cold, rested up, and warm from the dense coat of chill they had gotten along the way.

3. Arising Now Interval

Chapter 3: Arising Now Interval

Dizziness was the first thing that hit the body, turning it fast to have the body coil up to the side, releasing whatever sickness within. Platters changed to dry heaves. Eyes; watering from the force of an unused muscle inside, arms balancing the uneasy being with strength of termite eaten twigs, leaving little choice but to fall back into place on the animal skinned bedding.

Salty sweat covered the face of the being, sliding down on to the skins like rivers, soaking everything. With; another chance to see again, faded in and out. Hearing was another, with how light and muffle everything thing came around the person.

Crackling of wood was distance, but the warmth of the fire it was making felt very close. Burning meat as well was the same. Grumbles of talk of many kinds, floated in the thin air, having the frost mix in, fogging whatever was working in the person's brain.

The body rattle so often from breathing, it fears others, that the body could break with taken a breath far too large to handle.

But ever-so calming it was, to feel a warm soaked cloth patted the face, bring in a chance for color to return to the face. Enough strength came for the person to finally open his eyes fully now.

"You're awake?"

"I'm alive." He returned, somewhat answering the question.

"You must fitting be . . ."

"Hiccup the Dragon Whisper, son of Stoick the Vast. Here to come help with the northern islands."

The other nodded, watching the boy slowly setting himself up.

Having help from something behind him, looking to see his dragon. Giving a small to Toothless, reaching to pet him, having the dragon lean into the touch, both glad the other was okay.

Hiccup having to turn back to whom he thought to think was the medicine attendant. To which it was, as the other spoke quickly and calming of how; Hiccup and his dragon was able to make it and only to make awake with just scratches.

"Stubborn ones you are."

Hiccup only grinned back in how true it was.

"Yes, that is right. But it wasn't something to overlook from this . . ." Hiccup started with, looking for the letter, holding it out the other. In citing the next following words, when finally finding, what he was looking for. ". . . Letter, saying there was trouble of some kind here, in the northern villages?"

"In deed, for it seems that of winter's lack of kindness it has lately, has put us back a few weeks. Supplies and rations are becoming mixed up because of it." The woman stated, moving from her seat, over to the fire, returning for a light meal to the lad and his dragon, before going on. "Our chief, my little brother, is also ill that of two days ago, those who have their daily routines are greatly blocked that of the chill, people are doing what they can to keep the younger ones calm, but it's only a matter of time for a full panic to happen."

Hiccup nodded in understand, drinking the broth with care, listening.

"Our fishermen need the ice to break."

"I can have Toothless here take of that."

"There is also a problem within the woods. We believe it's something of the unknown. Having with some of the hunters, goes missing for some time, returning frighten within just a step of death. Of what, they dared wouldn't say. What the sea can give is barely what the land can do."

"I see . . ." Stopping his form of speech, to set the bowl down by his side, glancing to his dragon, before looking back to woman to say. "I'll go in there and see what it is, after things are settle here."

"Alone?"

"It would be best to have all the help here. And I'll have my dragon. Things will be fine."

"If . . . you believe so, young dragon whisper."

"I have too, for the sake of people's lives . . . are at stake now."

The medicine woman listens with caution. Reminding the young Viking; that he needed a moment to heal, before doing anything that would do more damage than good.

In the short following days of resting, Hiccup was back on his feet, with Toothless by his side to handle the jobs that were in much need of mending.

Cabins being repaired, fixing many that had caved in from the heavy amount of snow.

Having, Toothless use his fire breath, to open new but smaller and bountiful areas to fish, near the docks, and far from being washed away.

Flocking any scattering farm animals back to their pens, nailing up new polls to hold them in, some having to head into huts, away from the gale.

Hiccup finding enough of items and time to fix some side traps for smaller critters that tread just outside the rim of the forest wall. Rabbits and midget, short hair boars were about close to what the traps could do.

There was any sake for larger animals, would lie deeper into the forest. For, that even the harsh weather; elk, deer, bear, and black grouse were somewhere out there.

In a matter of eight days, and nine nights, the village was coming together. Slowly but it was something, that Hiccup could leave for the people to take care of. Leaving him little time to venture the land more, and sadly, the cold was getting to Toothless, leaving the chances of the dragon leaving warmth safety without something going wrong.

The medicine woman, promise while Hiccup went out his search for supplies, Toothless was going to greatly be in good hands, until he returned.

Sparing the moment to ready him being to go into the woods, walked over to where Toothless lied. Kneeling carefully down, not wanting to spook Toothless, soon nearby his dragon's side, patting gentle on his partner's lizard's head, and earning an purring chime of some kind in return.

Even through his thick gloved hand, felt the scales burned from a slight fever, having the quick pace breathing rise and fall, as Hiccup pet him.

Hiccup looking into the giant cat eyes of yellowish-greens of Toothless, feeling the slight pain of not able to follow his rider, hurt, but there was nothing Hiccup could for Toothless. Only to let him rest and have the villagers take care of him.

"I'll be back soon, bud. You be good to these people while I'm away. Get better." Hiccup whisper to his friend, the petting motions of his hand never stopping as he spoke, finally getting to his feet, when seeing Toothless was fast asleep.

Stoking the fire some more, dusting himself off, quickly grabbing his bag, and leaving the small cabin with a soft shut of the door. Leaving, with a deep breath of calmness, that his friend was to sleep in peace.

"He'll be in good care, lad." Saying that from a younger villagers, who was a little older than him, watching Hiccup walked off, whom, he gave a nod of thanks before going on the path that lead to the mouth of the forest.

"Yes, thank you."

Meeting up with the woman, who stood by on the path, Hiccup catching her eyes for a moment, glancing to the woods, and then back to her to say.

"I shouldn't vastly be gone for than four nights. Hopefully, that'll be it." Hiccup stated.

"And what if you are gone much longer, lad?"

"Then I hope for whatever I have in bag gets me by to make it back. And that Odin's eyes are kind for me to guide when I am lost. I should hopefully be fine."

She nodded; watching him go into the woods, having the villagers soon go on with their daily chores, for that the gale wasn't strong before, it was best to use the time wisely.

4. Into Woods of Ice

Chapter 4: Into Woods of Ice

In some ways, Hiccup's prayers must have reached Odin's ears, as the gale seemed tamer then before. Though, the teen could have dealt with less need for snow that was almost to his hip, having to find popping roots and branches to move through, marking passing trees with his knife as he moved on. Upon, finding other animals, small but filling as he kept moving.

With so much of the woods coated in thick snow, it was useless to build a fire, but whatever he could find as to use, got him by. Sighting small creeks were few and far apart for something to drink, as the woolly pelt flask hanging on his bag, was quickly becoming light, and freezing where it couldn't drank at all.

Coming across a cave in time before the gale picked up, bundling close against the cool rocks did little for his already freezing body. Nor the dying fire that was not far from him.

Using the angle of the moon, he was gone for already three nights.

With no signs of what could be fighting the hunts from entering. But,

he still had time, small as it was, he still need to keep looking. Resting now, search later was all he could do, as he waited out the storm.

Into the following morning, Hiccup set out once more, marking every place he walked. Until stopping, brushing some sleet from a tree to mark, as before when trying it, the knife wouldn't go through. Only to let a groan leave his lips, as he saw what was on the tree.

A mark of an X found on the tree, meaning somewhere as he traveling, made a circle motion without knowing, leading him to oddly be lost, for not noticing sooner.

Hiccup leaned against the tree in frustration, recollecting his thoughts. Eyeing the mark for age, hoping to know if it was new or one from an erstwhile to when he started.

Guessing around where he was miles away from the village, but a stride away from his last meal. Out of habit, wiggled his fake leg, having feeling the ice cloaked metal biting into his flesh, he needed a new plan, and fast.

Glancing up the tree, as he shook of the cold, at least a short came to ascent the tree that made feel like a fool, and see where of the wood he was.

Resting his bag away from the sight and reach of animals, looking to his leg once more, hoping it would hold out long enough. Using the knife; as a leveler, started to climb up.

When finally getting to where the tree was at its thinnest stopped, sliding his knife back into its shaft, looking around the area. Far from the village, but there was a clearing, to Hiccup's guess, two miles away, so when a chosen location, climb back down.

Grabbing for his bag once more, trekking through snow to where the clearing was.

Though, when at first he was going in a speedy run, slowly came down to a walk, when noticing of how the forest was changing. Faint smells of pine, oak, and grass drifted away, leaving nothing but the taciturnity of ice to fill his nose.

All the trees and shrubs lost what solidness they had, leaving them mirroring his every move. If Hiccup stayed still long enough, he could see through the forest, seeing pass it all but still only to much that was far away.

"What could have done this?" He asked, hoping that it would make an answer come quicker.

With now caution in his steps, moved to where the clearing was, eyes falling on not only forest was nothing but ice, but small animals as well, frozen and clear of scalped ice, never to leave their spot for who knows how long is forever.

Hiccup caught up with his findings of frozen death; fell to the ground, rubbing his face out of pain from a sudden force. Shaking off the pain, stood up once more, rising a fist to whatever he walked into.

Having only an echoed thud of knocks reach his ears, and with how red his knuckles were from just the pure coldness from it, it was a wall of ice. Stepping away out of fear but curiosity, looked both ways of its length and height, finding that whoever build it, was a master of it. For, it seems this wall of ice went on forever.

Deciding to walked left of the wall, now and then tapping on it, hearing only that of loud thuds in return. Trying hard to look within the ice, in hopes to see what was behind it. But everything was unfocused because of the ice, blurring anything within hard to see.

But not enough to see sudden movement, quick as it was something was in there, or it could have been someone?

Thinking fast, banged against the ice the hardest he could, rattling more his body than the wall. Shouting the loudest he could for the other to hear. When not getting anything back, Hiccup kept at it, in hopes for the other to responded back.

And . . . hopefully before the gale took him.

5. A Sound unlike Any Other

Chapter 5: A Sound unlike Any Other

If one would to lie down on the ground before the snow lands, while moving arms and legs to make an angel, would forever take to fill in. Leaving behind; only what in many eyes to see, as a shallow grave on a heavenly being, laying to rest, having nothing but the snow to mourn of the lost.

Though, even if never was one to begin with.

Or; how if, when frost it looked upon long in time, an image; can ever-so be seen, more than just plants, but life. Still forever, never to move, never to die, yet the faint breathes are hardly to miss from the eyes. So, better less not to blink and miss it.

In any other spare time, find the lone and detail flakes, seeing in pure fascination of how no two look-alike. There were never repeats to ever-so be founded. Each flake, as one person; masks in a forever dance, as the sunlight glow to glimmer on to that, of a sea of thousands, going on for miles.

Softly of the winds winding them in dances of the cold season, unknowing of the step for no other to follow, falling one by one, on top of one another in peace and out of tiredness.

Even with the wind plays a shallow and undefined song, going on and on, playing magical of that how the pan flute theatres.

To: even how, of nothing of spring and autumn, to stain the pure white of the snow, with their colors of harmful warmth. There was no need for them, when they only destroy that of pure. They were not needed. When everything that is vastly needed . . . is here already.

_"There is no for others, no need. Forever stay and never leave.
Never leave . . ."_

In anger of those words, echoing so loudly, even when it was so long ago said, felt so new.

Leaving, for, the being to spin a lone hand in the air, combining the misty air to harden, forming flakes of ice. Wanting nothing more than those words to just go away, far in what could only been known as the unknown, from the being, and not wanting to remember those words ever again.

Not the words of those, whom were once a trusting kind.

"Never leave . . . for only the harm you can do . . ."

"I won't hurt anyone . . . I-I would never. I could never . . . for they can't see me . . ." The words slipped, as the being choked on keeping tears at bay, but it would be pointless, for the being long ran out on tears to shed.

The being grabbed a nearby staff, using it to control a wave of air to launch out of a high spot from the tree top. Landing to what could only been seen to others, of that as a feather on a platen of ice, covering a lake below, gliding across it, in sadness and boredom.

Looking down on the icy lake, to see a fern ripple of a young thin boy, far close to the coming age of adulthood, with a shock of white hair reaching his ears and just covering his neck, empty blue eyes. A worn out brown cloak hanged on his shoulders, under where a white tunic rested, with ties undone, pants matching of his cloak ended before reaching his ankles, binds holding them tightly to the flesh, for only guess warmth.

The staff was close by his body, as a sign he was okay. Nothing was going to hurt him or others. Kneeling down on the ice, running a hand where the face of boy was, adding without knowing another layer of frost, blocking from able to see his face anymore.

Grabbing again for his staff, chanting words of comfort to himself, for they were the only things he left in this dome of ice, which, made him feel close to human.

When feeling the winds pick up, wrapping his body in what he could call a hug, calmed him. Able to breath in air, not was long ago never needed. But again, made him feel human, to whatever he really was.

Yet, a strange irk came upon him. Stabbing almost to his body, shaking him of how warm it felt. Close to what he was, but far from dead. Making his eyes go wide, playful almost, for it was something new. Strange but new, and very welcoming, to that zoomed off where it was coming from.

It was a set of knocks, as if the large wall was a door, and all the boy had to do was open it. But that would have been a chore of boredom of its own. And, to that, choose to just listen. Having the winds carry him gentle to the sound, thinking to whatever it was, could hear him coming.

But sadly as the sound came, it was soon gone. The playful ways of his eyes dimmed a bit. As for some time now, it wasn't the first time it happens.

"Wind, please . . . don't scare this one-off too." The boy begged with the wind, moving closer to where the sound once came, even long ago silence.

When choosing soon to give up and go back to the treetops, the sound came again. Different place from last time, but still the same, and to that, the boy jumped at the chance to go find it.

It soon became louder, if not for the sudden voice from his right, he would have missed it. Through the ice, blurry to see, a boy, somewhere close body type was against the wall, moving in panic ways to get the other, no doubt him, to come closer.

To which, the white boy did.

Only to pause when seeing the gale outside the dome was picking up.

"No, Wind, no, you'll kill him. Please stop . . . he doesn't look like those before. Please!" The white hair boy cried, rushing to where the other boy was, leaning heavily on the dome's wall, the coldness slowly breaking him.

"Wind, no, please!"

The boy kneeled down by the dome, watching other slowly black out. To that, the white hair boy held up his staff, with no knowing what to do with it, but bang it against the wall. More likely; in the events of cracking the wood staff then the dome, but, the boy had shown no sign of stopping.

Upon feeling the wet, cold, purple tears fall, but it shook it off, kept trying to break the dome. No taking notice of how the staff started to glow, the harder the boy begged for the wind to stop harming the other boy.

With one finally hit, a small nook was oddly made, the white hair boy wasted no time in dropping the staff and grabbed the boy into the dome, before the ice closed up once more.

Quickly and carefully settled the other boy on his back, seeing that would be easier than to lay heavy on his fake leg, brushing off snow that covered his being. Clearing off to see brown hair, red face that was frost-bitten from being out for too long, cloaked in clothes as the white hair boy, but more thicker.

The cold of his skin told the other that if not warmed up soon, the effort of saving the brown hair boy would have all been for nothing. Once more, the white hair begged the wind for help, even if he went against the wind's wishes of leaving the brown hair boy to die.

In the notion that wind didn't want to see the white hair boy to cry anymore, did what needed. Clearing an area free of snow, opening enough of the woods to make was quickly needed for a resting place and a fire.

Not wanting to get burn by the fire, the white hair one placed the other quickly by the fire. Moving back to outer rim where the snow and grass met.

The wind taking the time to shelter the new comer in much so needed warmth, finding whatever was in the dome of use. Soon, ushering the white hair boy away, wanting not just one but both to get some needed rest.

"Wind, thank you . . . really."

A soft stroke met the boy's face, to what he called a kiss in some ways. Reaching for his staff, which; was left, in the act of saving the other, by the dome's wall. Asking to the wind, to send him back to treetops for relaxation; wanting to vastly awake, and ready to say hello to new comer.

6. Sought to Waning

Chapter 6: Sought to Waning

A sun's glow in a brighter said of day, burns lightly in the eyes of those, resting out for it to reach. In the battles of the winter, it was to only be seemed as a blessing, but only it felt as one. For, the chances of the warmth of a sun, shouldn't even be happening, not now, winter was still blasting away for another handful of months.

In shock, the boy sat up, looking everything around him. Upon seeing that winter had not left, but the warmth of the sun wasn't imprudent, for it was bright, shinning everything as it was the finest crystal concluded as far as the eye could see.

Noticing of how a small part of the land was grass, before nearing the ends and twines of snow. On a wrong step, the boy stripped from the lack of use of his legs, leaning against the rough, uncovered, bark of the tree, able to steady himself, his eyes looking to the tree, seeing that a clearing of it was not in snow, as to the rest of the area.

Scanning, some more to see, that a small fire, flickering trimly and wildly, just the small warmth was enough for him to move closer to it, heating his being. Once again, looking around the area, coming to terms, in the calmest way he could, that he was inside the ice walls. Catching on, it was more of dome, for how the sun enters in, yet not daring to melt the ice. Just as to what a large lantern set aglow, nothing more, nothing less.

When the brown hair moved away from the fire, closer to the rim of where snow and grass met, a gust a wind knocked him back, colliding with the tree's bark that broke his fall.

Dizzying his sight for a moment shook it off, get ready to stand up, only to have the wind whipping down to say otherwise.

Staying down, for the sake the wind would stop, it only slightly did. Somehow, it never let took out the fire, or have any of the snow entered within the small circle.

With a sudden shout from above, broke the boy's wonder of thought to see where the calling came from. Having a something dived down near him, looking at him with blue eyes and small smile. But, the being looked away, shouting again the winds for something.

To whatever that thing said; had the winds calmed down, leaving the two in a silence stand still.

_"H-hello, are you okay? Sorry about wind, she can heartless be a bit belligerent." _The silvery hair boy spoke, in coming out raw and nimble, deficiency of usage most likely, but it didn't the words from leaving those thin lips. _"But, she didn't do anything right?"_

The boy took a moment to poke the other with his staff, enough for it to bump the closest thing, an arm. Only to have it bat away. The auburn hair boy just looked to other, tiredly gave a glare, but nothing really to set harm to other. As seeing the other smile grew larger.

"What are you?" He finally asked, only to step back when the other, stabbed his staff into the ground, jumping up in the air, landing on the hook end of the staff, it leaning just enough for their noses to almost touch.

Once more having that smile, showing no sign of leaving, or have the slip of laughter echoing a bit.

"You talk strange. But, in this dome, it is. From how things are, this is new, and I like it! What's your name, wonder?"

Again, not waiting for a reply held out his hand to the other. Who, just stared at it. Shoulders once tensed before, relaxed some, enough to grabbed hold of the other, by the elbow, shaking it.

"Another thing new, this is wonderful. Really, wonder have a name? I am Jack Frost! For what Wind and Moon call me! Though, Wind likes to appeal me with other things, but I don't think you want to know. So, name?"

Again, nothing was given back, once the sign of greeting was over.

_"Name stranger?" _The white hair one, pointed to himself, before speaking. _"J-ack Fr-ost . . . and you are?"_

Out of the small amount of words, the other was able to somewhat understand, able to give a replay.

To which, he point to himself, trying to looked threatening if the other dared to try anything.

"I am Hiccup." He finally said, not wanting to say his full name, seeing it would have been pointless.

Yet, the other, gave a sudden laugh, upon finding the other's name as he told an anecdote. The white boy soon stopped, when seeing the other, had no idea what was going.

_"Hikke . . . oh, sorry . . . you meant that. It's very amusing,

though." _The white hair one trying to keep his laughs from leaving his body, it was becoming hard when speaking out again. _"It's good to meet you . . . Hikke . . . oh, I haven't laugh this hard in who knows how long."_

In a sudden leap, the white boy bounced off his staff, landing gentle on the snow. Hiccup saw how another layer of snow thicken below the boy. About to pull the staff out the ground, Hiccup reached for the hook of the wood, seeing of how the other stared back with wide eyes.

A soft glow of blue lit through the small valleys of the staff, bits scratching at Hiccup, but he didn't flinch away from the small strikes.

It was coming together of who this was, but how the tales spoke, they seem to lack of certain details here and there, over the years, as Hiccup grew up.

"You're the Protector of Winter?" He gasped out, letting go of the staff, only for when the winds picked up once more.

"No, Wind, be good! Let him speak. Be good!" Jack spoke out to the light gale, having soon calming down, glancing to the air around, then back to other. _"Forgive. And did you call me? Be-sky-t-ter av vin-ter, is that what you said? Is that what you call me where you're from? Big title, but I like Jack Frost! I hope that's okay with you?"_ Ending with a smile, but it soon faded, when seeing the other take steps back.

The glee in his eyes died.

"N-no, I promise I won't hurt you. Don't run . . ."

Jack took a chance to reach out for the other, only to have his hand slapped away. It didn't hurt, but it was a likely action of dislike, with that, he leap backed a bit. Wanting to show, Jack met no harm. But, it did little work, as the other gripped harshly on to the tree by him, as a shield.

Hiccup watch the other, with weary eyes, trying not to break when seeing of how indignant etched it ways into the blue eyes of the keeper of snow.

"Did you trap me here, spirit?"

The other tilted his head to side, in an effort that it would help understand the other. It was only failing.

"Your way of speaking is not that easy. Talk slowly, Hikke."

When the other spoke Hiccup's name, it made his body goes still, out of fear was the thing it could have been. Even, more when the other, dared to move caution closer.

"You stay away, demon! I don't how or what you did to trap me here. But, I know I haven't done anything to you. So let me go! And leave the villagers be, if they have threaten to cross you path, I'll greatly tell them, to leave you be. If solitude is what you want. You have my word, I will tell and they'll bother you again! Please! Just

let me go!"

Jack grabbed his head in pain, wanting to know what the other was saying; only having it numb him. For, the other spoke to quickly for anything that could be understood, begging the other to slow down, went to deaf ears.

"Please! Stop it; you're not helping anyone here. Please, slow down!" Jack begged, wanting the shouts that came to him, as if the other was angry to stop. He already promise not hurt the brown hair boy, why talk, as if he was still in danger.

Out of habit, started his chant to calm himself, when feeling the winds wrapping around the dome. He didn't act quickly; the boy would mostly die from the loss of temper in a matter of seconds.

"Wind, do something I don't want to kill him. They won't heed. Wind, please!"

In matter of moments, the dome was in a haze of a light fog. The rapier storm had calmed down. Leaving, only that of trifling streaks of light to break through the high-noon sun. But, what made Jack's heart dropped when there was no sound coming from the other boy. In haste, jumped through the fog, of where he last saw the boy.

Only in the wake of finding a high level of snow, but without much thought, started to move the snow. Calling out for the other, has he kept moving the snow away, upon reaching a hand, grabbing it for a pulse; faint, but it was there.

"It's okay Hiccup, I got you. I won't do that again." Jack said, pulling the boy farther out of the snow.

Hiccup was finally hearing the voice more clearly, awoken from his shock, feeling the wetness of tears falling of his face. Seeing, the keeper of snow, looked down on him, happy to see him alive and well.

"You okay?"

"Let go of me." Hiccup stated back in a toneless voice.

Jack did, keeping the feeling happiness that the other was okay.

"I understand you! Must be what Wind was doing, when she asked to do the calming chant . . ."

"Are you going to finish me or just keep talking?"

The other's eyes went wide.

"Why would I kill you? I already saved, twice, I might say. Would be kind of waste. I haven't spoken to anyone . . ." A laugh slipped when finishing with. ". . . years, I guess?"

Hiccup eyed the other when he finished talking.

"You mean in this wall of ice?"

"The dome, yeah, you're the first to not have Wind scare off. But

she's not a very good listener!" He shouted the last part out in to the air, going back to Hiccup to say. "But's nice I was able to get you, when I did. And again, I am Jack Frost. Not . . . umm . . . however you call me."

"Protector of Winter is what my people call you. Though, of how they tell the story . . . you're really small for how much fear you strike in them." Hiccup gave back in a snarky reply.

Jack gave a slight pout, pointing his staff to other, who back away, but not in much fear as last time.

"I'm taller than you. So, that is something, and I will gladly take it for what it is. Even from a boy whose name is more of sound from a bad stomach ache, than a real name? " Jack said back, pausing to say the other's name, acting out the sound it was.

Hiccup only gave a weak glare back, finding his legging again, once more standing up. Walking around the dome, noticing of his the snow parted for him, but thickens for the other that follows side by him.

"How are you doing that?"

"Not me, Wind, she's knows you couldn't handle it. She's being nice. Which is odd, for she hardly does it for me." Jack stated, glare up in the sky, only to have the said element to push him forward, making it look like he tripped over something that wasn't there.

He called out in the shock, quickly getting back to his feet, waving his staff as a death threat to air.

"What was that for Wind, you always told to oddly be honest. When was not part of it?"

Hiccup cough into hand, to keep his laugh from leaving of how childish the other was acting. The fables were becoming more lies by each passing moment.

"Are you getting sick?" Jack asked, when hearing the sound.

Hiccup shook his head, kept walking around. Upon finding where the dome soon ended one way, but went on another. Watching as the dome had cut parts off a mountain when forming its round shape. As to soon finding, a waterfall as well; frozen forever to never let a drop of water to run away.

"You're the only here?"

"Besides, Wind you mean? Yes, after a while, the aloneness is easy to miss." Jack said back, but then added. "You're acting very calm now? Why?"

"I live with dragons, trolls, and others things like you. It's becomes second nature, that if you show no fear, no harm comes."

Jack raised an eyebrow to that.

"Really, because, you acted of it I was going to eat you or

something."

Hiccup looked away, ignoring what the other said, choosing to start climbing the small side of the stony wall of the mountain, wanting to find a better look of the place.

"Well, umm . . ."

"It's okay. I thought you weren't going to like, too. So it's fine." Jack replied, spoofing Hiccup for how close it was for how high he was.

Hiccup lopped his head to the side, seeing that Jack was eye-level with him, using his staff to keep him in the air, as Hiccup scaled the rocks. Soon coming to a large enough slab to sit on, having Jack still float near as he look about.

"You're really alone here? You and Wind you said?"

Jack nodded.

"How I was able to get in then?"

Jack shrugged, before answering. "I don't know. Wind was trying to keep you away, but she was hurting you. So I acted, somehow the dome broke open, but I wasn't sure for how it would last and pulled you in."

Hiccup sigh, knowing what the answer he was going to get if asked, he still did. "Is a way out of here?"

"I wouldn't be here if there was."

"But how does your friend, Wind do her job then, no air can move if it was left to vastly be shelter in a dome."

"If there is a way out, Wind wouldn't show me, for what others will do if they knew."

Hiccup looked oddly at Jack, who caught on about why he was.

"The ones who told me to never leave this place, for they fear I might do things of what only darkness can do."

"How long ago was that?"

"Way before you were even born, I'm guess, the lack of time besides the sun and moon is all I get in this place. Anything else, Wind does for me."

Jack gave a sigh, leaning against the stones, looking down at the far ground of where he could see a faint shape of his shadow below as he hovered on.

"Life of that is only seen to sought to waning, if that's one can do."

Jack gave a hollow laugh to that, for how true it was.

"Which means you want to leave, huh?"

Hiccup looked to Jack, before having his eyes go back the area.

"I do need to go back. My father and Toothless would end up worry about me. That and there is people who are waiting for me to make sure my search was over."

"What was that?"

"I had to find who was scary off the hunters from the woods, I found it was you and your friend."

"Yes, the others, Wind thinks they'll hurt me. You're the first not to run when she gets angry."

"Vikings are known to oddly be stubborn. I thought at first you were part of the village, and I was going to take you home. But . .
."

Jack gave a nod in understanding.

"I-I could ask Wind to let you go. Hopefully the others won't think it's me and come back. And you could go back."

"But then you would be alone?"

Jack looked to Hiccup.

"Nothing new, things come and go all the time, just as the sun and moon."

"Well, you see . . . on my way here, I got lost. And with winter nothing even half way done. I would most likely not make it. Do you think; Wind could let me stay until spring?"

Jack frowned when hearing the word of a season he wasn't very fond of, but he chooses not to voice it.

"If Wind, doesn't mind. Sure! I am certain we can find things for you until then. Just don't mind if Wind gets irritable, she doesn't like sharing."

"Sounds very much like my dragon Toothless." Hiccup started out with, before calling out to the winds. "I promise to not anger you, o' great winds of north."

When it was quickly said, a tender breeze graced over Hiccup's face, it wasn't a cold gale, but something only found in the summer's land.

Jack had a laugh before saying. "You called her great. Now, she has to ****_greatly_**** be nice you. I don't even call her that!" Ending in a fit of laughter, only to have the winds knock him down, landing harshly into the snow below.

"Wind, if I ever get the chance!" He threatens, but knowing well it was pointless, but he had to try to show the winds, he shouldn't ever-so be taken lightly.

7. Seasons Ticking

Chapter 7: Seasons Ticking

Slowly, every second that was given, the seasons of winter ending and spring nearing, showed greatly. Even through the ice dome.

Hiccup was able to keep track of the days, but when the moon was nothing but a sliver left, it was only left to know by the sun. A month or so have already passed.

During those days, Jack made a friend, a friend he called as his own. For, he didn't need Wind to help win Hiccup over in such a short time.

They bounded over the simple things that brought them joy, when they were alone and bored.

Hiccup took the time, mind numbing as it was, to teach Jack how to draw, more than just stick figures. Though, new designs of snowflakes and anything winter seem more of the choice.

Jack shown Hiccup how to ice skate, using the small part of the frozen pond, having only leg, somehow made it easy, than what both thought.

What got Jack to listen the most was the tales of Hiccup's latest invention was planning on finishing or one he wants to do, when his father wasn't breathing down his neck. Along with how things changed of the life between man and dragon, and how they now work as one.

When Hiccup once asked about Jack's passed, he told he didn't know much. Simple and understanding moments were all he could do.

". . . then they came, warning if I couldn't take hold of what I have and use it wisely. Then I was forever lived my days in this dome." Jack ended his tale, looking up to see night had come again in the passing days. He spoke again. "I know the Man of the Moon, isn't someone who lives off others misfortune, for he won't have saved me from that lake those years ago."

"This Man of the Moon did what he thought right. Others tend not to listen and misjudge on things."

"Like your people and the dragons, before you spoke out."

Hiccup nodded, stoking the fire, glancing up to Jack as he sat on the hook of his staff, looking passing the dome, in hopes to see some stars. Maybe a planet or two, he tried hard enough.

"Jack . . ."

"Yes." Jack answered back, looking to Hiccup, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"Have you, umm, mastered you powers?"

"Wind taught me a few things, but since I was too young when chosen, my center gets the best of me. Making me lose control, it could only

a second, but the damage says otherwise. I; then . . . occasionally, feel very weak and blackout, for a handful of days."

"And now, Jack?"

"I would say, a few hours and I'm back on my feet, but I can't fly or keep cool if I feel warm. So, it's like nothing has changed."

"Would they notice then?"

Jack shrugged, never thinking of that. "I guess not, but, if you had met them. You most likely wouldn't have tried anything."

Hiccup let an airy laugh leave him.

"True."

"But, if I could!" Jack shouted, shocking them both of how loud he was, but chuckling as he kept going. "I would do everything I could, in my power, not to become what they fear. I'll do my best to work in my center and prove to them . . . that I am just like them. Maybe even better if I put enough heart in it!" Jack finished, standing tall on his wooden staff, mocking one the great's from Hiccup's tales, looking down on him with a smile.

The other only could give a good laugh of how hilarious Jack looked as he did so.

"Don't mock me, mortal. You'll be bowing to even get to stand this close if comes true!"

"Oh how the honor it is. But, I still think, you're lacking the height for it. And, I don't know, backbone for it?"

Jack's eyes went wide; mouth a gap, hand on his chest in defeat, giving a mock cry. "Says; the fishbone, who I now once called friend."

Hiccup rolled his eyes, giving a weak kick to the staff, shaken Jack off of it, but landing on his feet. But his footing still off, fell forward, landing close to his friend, head on his lap.

The brown hair boy looked down to the white hair one, who was taking the chance to get use of his new seat.

"Are you a dog?"

"Do I get a belly rub if I say yes?"

Hiccup raised a brow to that, but made no reply, using the tree behind him to lean on, seeing that Jack wasn't going to move. Green eyes happening to find through the dome some stars, before Jack could.

"Hiccup . . . you didn't answer me!" Whined Jack as if he was a child.

Hiccup just found his eyes rolling again, ending up rubbing Jack's hair, and not his belly. But the other made no complaint about it, just smiling as if he found gold.

"Does Toothless ask of you of this a lot? You didn't put up much a fight."

Hiccup gave a nod before saying. "He like a big cat, part dog sometimes, just wants all the focus on him, and no one else. It took forever that Astrid wasn't going to change that."

"That girl you find lovely for, right?"

"I do, or did, mostly I'm wondering if she liked me for me, or what I could do?"

"And you're the son of the chef, right?"

"Chief, Jack, but you're not far off." Hiccup said, finding the moment to poke at the fire again, minding that Jack wasn't going to move, as he did. Soon; without knowing or care ended up adding. "I guess when people find something of use of a fishbone; they just have to cover one in endless kindles."

"And you're right!" Jack said, sitting up, pouting but not really mad, turning to facing Hiccup to say. "But, I'm going to this Hiccup, if it wasn't for them. I wouldn't have the greatest friend in the world."

"I'm you're only friend."

"Didn't I just say that? Now, if you please!" Jack called back, resting back on Hiccup's lap, looking back at him with pleading eyes, mocking a whimper to say. "Rub my belly, you're pet isn't going to wait all day."

Hiccup sigh, rubbing Jack's hair again, avoiding the belly and complying from the other, of how he was doing it wrong.

"Maybe you and Toothless are distance family." He stated without knowing, but both ended up laughing at the thought.

"Somehow, I wouldn't mind at all." Jack said through his snickers.

"I would. One Toothless is all I can handle. I don't need to two. But, maybe you two would keep each other busy by outstanding each other of whose better. All that time I could have on my work with trouble. Now, that's a nice thought."

Jack gave an poor choice imitation of an evil glare to Hiccup, soon shrugging it off, seeing that it was a thought that made Hiccup happy. Why wry that away from him. Jack had a friend, no point in making the friend displeased with him.

With nothing but the quiet flicker of the fire burning, the wind finding a tune of lullaby for the two ears to listen, calming them both down. Clouds slowly cleared away from the sky, making room for more stars for all eyes to see.

"Jack, look at this."

Widen his eyes from almost falling asleep, as he called it, to see

what Hiccup was asking of him. Turning his face, as Hiccup was doing, up to see all the stars through the frosty dome.

"So many . . ."

"Spring must quickly be nearing."

Jack looked away from the sky, eyes landing on the fire, far from him being warm and burning, but close enough to keep Hiccup from freezing. Wanting not to think of how close it really was, of the seasons changing.

In that nerving thought, Jack chose then to close his eyes, even out his unneeded breath to sleep. Leaving, Hiccup alone with watching the stars, having the fainting feeling of a small hand stroking his hair, when finally, Jack was out like a light.

"Jack . . ." Hiccup started but stop when seeing the said person was already asleep, at the sight, he just gave a sigh, letting, the once held words quietly leave, as he thought to do the same.

Leaving only the wind to hear what Hiccup had to say, as the night went on its silent way.

8. Grand Meeting

Chapter 8: Grand Meeting

"You speak nothing but lies. There is no matter of this being true."

"But, to say if it was, could we really hold back on this?" Said; another, who sounded more feminine tone then other, when speaking out.

A new voice added in. "He hasn't tried anything while within, behaving, learning to mastering what once a hell to us all."

A moment a silence filled the room.

"That raises a good point, what if it all backfires and we have no choice but to send him back. There is no telling when he'll finally snap."

"We can't wait then, if end up repeating everything from the very start. Then we have just lost another one of us. I don't want him to end up like . . ."

"Please reframe from saying that within this room."

The one, who was soon to speak of the vile name, nodded in return, fully understanding of the reasons.

Another play of silence happens, filling the room with more of calming mind than before.

"If this is what the wind said is turn . . . then maybe, but we stand and be ready. For the moment he acts out. We step in."

A different voice asked the others. "All in favor step forward."

One of the four did not move the larger man look to the one that dared not move from his spot.

"Aster, are you in or not?"

"I'm in, but I'm just fully to give my say."

The female one spoke out once more. "Spring is nearing, he wouldn't be at his strongest, and he'll be in the mountains. We'll have Wind send reminders to labor on his training to control his powers. A full human year, that's enough time before we judge."

Again, the silence came and went.

The one named Aster took his step forward, but not without adding. "I still don't feel right about this."

"It'll take time friend. Which, we all know, is something we have, no?"

9. Outside and Hardly Understand

Chapter 9: Outside and Hardly Understanding

Thunder, it was a sound just as thunder was strumming the very earth. But closer, not as it was from the heavens, but just within and maybe even above the heads of whom heard. When the ground started, to shake, awaken both the boys up.

"What's going on?" Hiccup asked in worry, trying to get to his feet, only to fall when the ground shook.

Jack got to his feet, reaching for his staff, hovering a bit in air. He glanced to Hiccup to say. "I don't know. Stay by the tree, I'll be back as fast as I can."

Hiccup did as he was quivering told, watching the other takeoff for the sky. Faintly, hearing the shouts of Jack's voice, only for them to quickly be drowned out by the rising gales.

For Jack, he kept getting higher, speaking to the wind, asking for reasoning for what was going on. But no replies were given. Only, for the gale swiftness bashing against him more and more, powerfully enough to send Jack down to the ground. For; soon leaving nothing more than a crater in its wake, as Jack tried to get out of it, returning hastily to go back to Hiccup. Blocking out the rattling that went on through the dome and having the thunder crashes growing louder to hear.

"Jack!"

When the other heard his name, the sudden feel of a body wasn't he thinking of running into, having Hiccup push him to the ground. With, a large shard of the dome's ceiling landing within inches from them.

The two quickly got to their feet, rushing to where the mountain

ledge waterfall was, hoping to hide there, before, having the rest of the dome fallen on them. Barely missing each time, able to get to safety before, having a colliding of the dome's shards block them within the waterfall.

"Jack?"

Hiccup's voice broke Jack out his scared trance to look at the human, equally scared and much more out of breath than the other.

"I'm fine. How about you, okay?"

"I'll live." Hiccup answered back, sliding down wall of stone, his legs far to numb to hold him up anymore.

Jack copies the motion.

Both of them watched through the frozen waterfall, as the dome continued to fall around them. Faint shakes, loosen some rubble to fall on them, but it was able to handle than out there. With the dim glow of Jack's staff as light, they were alone in endless darkness.

"It's breaking." Jack said, in worry and yet the wonder wasn't far behind.

Hiccup glanced to the other, choosing not to say anything, but lean closer when another earthquake happens. Jack placed his staff in front of them, as a shield. Little it would do, but it brought a safety to them.

Hours went on, the dome slowly breaking away. But still far from over.

Jack took notice of how Hiccup was shaking, no doubt from the cold. Without much thought, Jack removed his cloak, draping it over the other, to give him a warmth. Smiling weakly when Hiccup gave him a look of confusing.

"Not much, it's something though, right?"

Hiccup wrapped the cloak closer to his being, nodding thanks back to Jack.

"D-d-did, the winds say anything to you?"

Jack shook his head, very upset of how, the only element of anything to he always talked to. Never spoke a word to what was going on. It sends an ache in his chest, rethinking about it.

"I'm s-sure t-t-there's an r-reason."

"I hope so."

Hiccup watched as Jack's shoulders sagged down in inner defeat. He only wrapped Jack in a side hug, pulling him closer, in a sign of understanding, that he too wanted the same thing.

"I don't think me being this close is going to keep you warm?" Jack weakly teased to the brown hair boy.

"You moping don't help us either."

Jack gave a smile, leaning more in, laying his head on the other's shoulder. Wary with every shake coming from Hiccup and outside, still he held out his staff, ready.

Somehow, they tried themselves to sleep. Though, short-lived, when something new; shook everything around them, with a sudden blast lightening the icy wall before them. An echoing of roars not far behind, as more blast came.

"Toothless!" Hiccup cried out in joy, soon calling out to the dragon to keep going.

"How did he find us?" Jack asked in wonder, flicking when the warm blasts came at them.

"He's my friend, he just knows."

Jack only gave a nod, joining with Hiccup to cry for the dragon.

When the last blast hit, slicing through the ice, burning the stone above their heads, a large black claw raked through the remaining ice. Enough for both boys to climb through, Jack having let Hiccup go first, not wanting an unknown animal to attack him.

Hiccup did just that, calming down the cuddling beast, happy to have his partner back. But Toothless soon stopped when seeing Jack starting to crawl through the small opening, hunching and ready to attack, giving a light warning to the other.

"No, Toothless, he's a friend. Be good, come on buddy." Hiccup called out, trying to reason with the dragon, when seeing that Jack duck back in the hole, when the dragon growled at him.

"Has he calmed down?" Jack's voice echoed within the opening.

Hiccup eyed Toothless, who only gave a subtle comply back.

"Yes, it's okay."

Slowly and wary, Jack climbed out. Sliding the staff last, as he turn to face with a much closer dragon his face, having his back bumped the icy walls. Knees becoming a bit a bent, shaking slightly, when the dragon lowers his head down, ending up being eye level with the white hair boy.

"Toothless, he's a friend." Hiccup started out with, looking to Jack to say. "Drop your staff . . . he thinks you're a threat."

Jack flanged his staff as far as he could, without another thought, only if it meant not to end up as dragon food. With his hands resting near his side, looking at the dragon's demonic tinted green eyes, as his fearful blue ones, sent a silent plea not to eat him.

His body ending up going still when the dragon started to sniff him, once again pleading for not getting eaten. Eyes closed tightly, not wanting to see if that was going to become the outcome. Only to end

up on the grown, from the sudden hit from the dragon's tail.

Yet, Jack was cheering on the inside, that he didn't get eaten. So, he calming got to his feet, tuning out as Hiccup was spouting displacement to his dragon for doing such an act.

"H-Hiccup, its fine, far better than what was I thinking was going to happen."

Hiccup looked to Jack, pushing his dragon back when seeing Toothless wasn't going to get petted anymore.

"If you're really sure about that, Jack, because he . . ."

"Really, don't mind at all. Getting knocked down by Wind so much as it is. Nothing that needs to vastly be bothers about at all." Jack stated back, carefully going to grab his staff, soon facing the odd pair that was rider and dragon.

Ending up to cocking his head to side at the sight, giving a confused smile: but smiled none the less.

Hiccup quickly noticed it, and had to ask. "What's with that look?"

"I thought he would be bigger, but you're both the same. Tiny!" Jack answered, ending with small snicker when finishing.

Both rider and dragon stilled at the word that Jack laughed out, both showing some ire about it. Hiccup just crossed his arms, as Toothless looked to the side, mirroring of same looks as the other without knowing.

Having only Jack laugh even harder at the sight, trying to calm down, with little working through his body to do just that.

"Are you done?" Hiccup asked, seeing that Jack had somewhat calmed down.

"Yes . . ." Jack went silent, biting his lower lip to keep from more laughter to get out.

"Good, we better head back then. The village must very be worried for how long I been gone."

Hiccup taking the chance to hop on Toothless's back, checking the gears for anything that could be out-of-place, a slight wind bothered his sight for a bit, but was able to see everything was fine. Glancing back to Jack, seeing the other wasn't follow to stand near him.

"Are you coming?"

"I-I can't. Well not now?"

"Did the winds say something?"

Jack nodded, getting ready to go off in the opposite way Hiccup was going.

"We'll come with then."

Jack stopped, quickly facing the other.

"N-no, you go back. Wind says I have to go alone."

"Are you sure?"

Jack gave a grin before saying. "Not really, but Wind says when it's over. We'll find you."

"But . . ."

"Hiccup go back home. A simple winter spirit like me has kept you long enough. Go."

Yet, before Hiccup could say thing anything back, the winds picked up, blocked his sight. He called out to other, but soon seeing, where Jack once stood, was empty. All of the matters for Hiccup to leave now, head back and hopefully meet the sprite again soon.

"Come on, buddy, we need to get back."

Not long they were off in the sky, Toothless guiding them both back safety.

10. Home At Last

Chapter 10: Home At Last

When Hiccup and Toothless final traveled back to the village, being welcome back greatly of the northern inhabitants, all wondering of where the lad had been for the passing months, leaving the boy, as much of little to choice to fable of a story of a small clan of beast roaming the deep ends of the forest.

Threatening all who dared treaded on their marked land, until the dwells of a path made for them, ambling to cross too much safer land, the chances of them coming back only in the harsher winters to live.

These shadows of unknown form spook that they meant no harm, for there is little of them left. In a way of saying they were just as them, trying to get by.

The dragon whisperer kept on this tale, able to fool them enough and stray them away from going near an area made of nothing of ice. Fooling that in his great mind, reasoning with them, was all nothing but false. But, it wasn't that he was going to tell them that.

It was enough for the northern islanders to heed the warning, giving Hiccup the chance to return back to his homeland, though a bit, with an heavy heart, for he wasn't able to bring his new found friend with him.

Yet, that linger feel of how a sprite of any kind, is able to hold to promises. Seeing the Keeper of Snow, was most likely coming so see Hiccup soon. Just: sadly not as quick as he hoped, at first.

With the season of spring area warming all the lands of Vikings home, made the trip to his home, Berk, less of a threat than when he left.

"What a trip it has been, huh, Toothless?" Hiccup asked his dragon, getting a gurgling grunt back, when he soon reply with. "Bet not something we would both be having. But, I guess you getting overflown of pampering made the missing of me, hurt less, hmm?"

A set of chuckling deep grunts was given as a happy reply; Hiccup only rolled his eyes to it.

"I am not surprise, seeing as that guy was just like you. So, it was like you were the whole time."

Hiccup laugh when one of Toothless's ears whacked him against the arm, a sign, that no one could ever be like him. And how Hiccup knew that was very much true.

"I hope he's okay though."

A chary groan came from Toothless, side glancing to look at his rider.

"What, he's just like you and me, best to keep us odd ones close is all. Don't give me that look, if you didn't like him, you would have roared him away or something. I know you Toothless." Hiccup told his dragon, giving the lizard a pointed look as they headed home.

A puffing of air left Toothless's mouth.

"Don't act like you don't know what I am talking about, you overgrown scaly feline."

Toothless ended up doing a dive down, making Hiccup drop it.

"Okay, I get it, stop it!" Hiccup explains before they almost hit the water, but he still added in a grumble tone, but it was more to keep from snickering. "You just upset that you didn't get a chance to race him. Really . . . Toothless, when have you'd become so childish?"

Another whip from the ears soon came, but the ride back to Berk was peaceful just any of their rides before. Dim lit of lamps, guided them closer to home.

Meanwhile, in the mist of the skies, through; the light tide of the wind's current, whipping through earth's bumps and scares. Rippling gently as what rains does when wetting the lands, or how the waves of the ocean clash with the sands and stones, and closely to that of how the sun warms and moon cools equally and quietly.

Jack took every chance not collided with the world's ingredients, eyeing warily as the wind kept pushing him, to who knows where. Yet, he chooses not say anything, less of running into a cliff side, treetop, or that of a flying animal.

"Sorry little bird!" Jack shouted to the small fowl, flinching back when hearing the faint cries of displeasure as they distanced farther and farther away. When able to miss out of any other matters of life,

Jack voiced out to the winds. "Really, Wind: that could have ended badly!"

In return, Wind stopped for moment, having Jack fall a bit, but when coming close to the treetops below. But when Jack gave a scream, barely only have his nose brushing with the pine needles of the tallest trees, being his awaken to be quiet as Wind took them back at routine.

With having a pouting Jack, forming that he was sitting in the air, upside down, arms cross, along having his legs too, as only a small child could do. As the two went on their short travels.

When; feeling a gentle breeze against his cheek, only to turn away, but he chooses not going to fall for the nice play.

"Nope, if I keep playing nice with like this, you'll just end up killing me. So go on ahead, I'm not going to . . ."

A great howl came, stopping his maybe, and could have been long rant, choose to listen.

"I'm only going by how things are that's it. With how much the winds, and to you as well, Wind, change, you just do it too much. That's all."

Another rumble of gust came, with the sneaky dexterity of it, Jack took it as a coming to rapports, but don't think carelessly of it.

"If you say so, but I doubt that's far from the case . . . mountain!"

Jack gave a shout when seeing the said object, barely missing it, but soon coming near a bare land. Covered; in snow over the lands of northern pole, high within the mountain ranges, sun casting a twilight glow through the land.

"Wait, what would he want with me?" Jack asked, as they neared closer where indented in the mountain's side, a large kingdom was largely placed.

As they flew closer to the large kingdom, just soon over it, the wind stopped enough to lower Jack down. Through he would have said grumble a little too fast, but it made no matter, when nearing an opening of the keeper's window of what looked to a study.

"North's study, huh, small for a big guy like him." Jack said, mostly to the wind and himself, as he slowly took a step in.

"Eat as much cookies as I do, Jack Frost, and this room will seem small to you, no?"

Jack jumped to see near the front door of study, that should had been wisely closed before, now open to seeing the gift giver of wonder himself, Santa Clause, or as Jack called him, North.

"Umm . . . before you say anything . . . I didn't break out. The dome was coming down and then Wind told me I had to come here . . . and . . . p-please, don't send . . ."

North deep belly laughter cut Jack's pleading, as the lad only looked at the other in shock, of how calmly he was taking it. Even from the last time, when Jack asked why before, the answer was far different.

"Now, come Jack Frost, who do you think set you free in the first place?"

"Well I know it couldn't have been that rabbit . . ."

"Bunny has come to mind that is best, but won't dare to say it out loud. And Tooth and Sandman were happy to hear of this."

Jack only became more confused from then on.

"I and the others have come to new terms to you. Seeing; that you had overcome the slight problems before, and come out as a new keeper of winter." North stated, but still eyed the boy, making the lad eyes look somewhere else. But he still went on. "Wind and Man in Moon told us, of how things have change, for the better, yes, and we come to thinking, that whatever has made you become a better sprite, as granted you from going back to dome."

"Really, h-how could that be?" Jack asked, turning back to face North, having wonder clear in his eyes.

"Spirits have a way of knowing, Jack Frost, but not the point. You have been given this chance. Use it."

"I will. Thank you . . ."

"Hold the thanks, Frost, there are new rules. Follow them well, yes?"

Jack gave a nod, waiting for what the new rules were.

"Rule one; is that when you are training be only where it is cold. Mountains like my home, but cannot be here. For I have my reasons and need eye-catching problems, yes?"

"No problems will be coming your way."

"Rule two; if your center becomes too much, you must go where no one can unduly be harm. If you think you can't get away, shout to the winds, and we'll come to help."

Jack gave another nod.

"Rule three goes with number one; there will be no lacking in training or fooling with other seasons, when winter comes and go . . . so you do you."

"Yeah, training, I can do that. Said and done, twice."

"And last rule . . . Jack, you must have believers in you. For they'll help with you center. Understand where I going with this, yes?"

"I-I think so . . ."

"Good, now that is quickly taken care of, it's best to head where Wind has chosen for where you'll be staying while you train. No complying when getting there. One of us will be seeing you when the next passing winter, so see how things have gone, yes?"

"Y-yes, thank you so much, North, thank you!"

Jack could have said more, but his words ended jumbled for what was able to come out. Leaping to the windowsill once more, as when he came in, waved one last time to North, having the winds take to his new home. His laughter echoed as he went on, happy to have this chance, and a chance he wouldn't dare waste.

"Wind, where are we heading?"

Though; he got no reply, the sight of where his new-found home, was nothing less of a grand surprise.

11. Spoken Over

Chapter 11: Spoken Over

North watched as Jack Frost floated away, to where his new home was, able to take the not wanting to chance anymore than before, and just having a fast chance of closing his window. A large sigh racked through his body, glad to have the matter over with, quick as it was, but it was over. Gladly for that Jack didn't question anything and went with it, not appointing anything back.

"A simple mind that boy is." A voice said behind him, who happens to just be Aster.

"Aster be kind, he's trying, unlike of how you acted before."

The other only rolled his eyes, scratching his long ears from a sudden itch. Finding it in his mind, not to speak out and let the larger man win their bunting. Locking-in his shoulders, eyeing the other soon, finally finding; the right words.

"That boy center almost ended what we worked for years. Centuries, need I say as a reminder, North? Out of nowhere, this kid wipes it out, for something that's pleasurable? I have my reasons and you do too."

"Aster, why don't you be a good bunny and hoppy-hop off; please?" North asked, but it sounded more as an order, before intention later. "Wind has said he wants to change. Let him do this, act out of how things end, not starting nor moving."

"It's your center you're risking. I plan on keeping my long as possible. The moment . . ."

Thudding steps of feet broke Aster's train of rant, only having one of North's helpers come, informing that the others were here. Leaving first, with the other two not far behind.

"North, Aster, was he here?" A young fairy flown close to the set stairs, when seeing the Easter Bunny and Santa, worry seen deeply

within her purple eyes.

"And glad he's gone, if his face was here a second longer . .
."

"Bunny, please, borrows a hole and be gone. He was very well matter.
And not once acting out."

A shorter man-made of nothing but sand, made signs in asking of how
things should go now.

"Sandy, this coming winter, one of us will check in on him, being
sure he's on the right path." North stated in the simplest and
quickest way of understanding, wanting not the latter words to vastly
be wasted. "My more worry with how other spirits will take this, for
they are following with how our bunny is even thinking of this.
Sabotage is something we can't take risk." Ending as North eyed
Aster.

"I'm on this team, if I wanted to act the rest of these imps, I
wouldn't have join, get that North?"

Sandy than asked questions and thoughts for all, if any wanted to
answer at their own will.

"Sandman, you raise a good point." The fairy said, nodding in of how
Sandman said only what the truth was.

"Great, than Aster will go first on checking Jack Frost on his
training!" North gladly state, not taking in of how North could have
missed something, but it made Aster all the angrier than he was
before.

And again, it was a plan set in action. When; it seems only half was
being heard, and the other half only being little
understanding.

"Why in the moon pick you as the leader, will never make sense to
me." Aster said to North, as he walked off, stating that the meeting
was over, if one could call it that.

12. Berk's Seasons

Chapter 12: Berk's Seasons

"Wind, what kind of place is this?" Jack asked; having his airy
friend zoom through the land, upon knowing this was his new
home.

Even with it night-time, what lights Jack could use to see, it was a
relaxing village. But it was more of a passing sighting, as the winds
took him farther from the village. Heading closer to where the
mountains were, overlooking the area.

The air felt that as of, spring warmth, but the winter linger within
it. Making it quiet a place to live. But it was missing something,
something that to make the mountains a little more livable.

Once more when the winds set him down on the lands, finding a place

to start, and a caving area was coming on the side of a cliff. Still in eyeing the village he and Wind passed.

Tapping; with the right amount of power, with nothing but the head of his staff on the cliff, cloaking it the sides, and lower parts of the cave. Having more of a calming setting, for his body to keep: from getting ill.

Icing only the treetops; as his stepping-stones not to burn his feet of the soon passing seasons to come.

Jack took the very chance of spreading his frost, mostly to hide any facts of him being there. Wanting only others to see that seasons will remain the same, just as any other season comes and goes.

Yet, Jack notice, that his new home was still a long way to go. But wanting to hurry and see the village, but knowing he could only get the same thing, as before.

Meanwhile, over the village of Berk, the people were slowly raising up for an early start of the day. People of all kinds, which lived through the village, headed out to harvest, fish, daily chores, and such forth, meaning nothing less of getting by. With; a small but, grateful help from the dangers that once plague them, now working alongside them.

Stoick looked about the village, proudly at the sight. Still; even after just a few years, of how people and dragons were working together, peacefully and as one.

But it wasn't enough to see his son almost side-stepping him, running off to who knows where.

"Hiccup, where are you rushing off too?"

Hiccup ending up about to miss a step, turn to face his father, trying to look innocence, having to rub his right arm from the slight cold and nervousness.

"Umm, just was going to help at the docks. That's all, really?"

The son didn't miss how the face of his father, turned into what seem as a sign of doubt.

"I would think it would be best, if you go help with Gobber for today. You and Toothless were still shaken up from when you got back. Just think it is safe than been sorry." Stoick stated, even eyeing Hiccup's bad leg for good measure.

Hiccup gave a sigh, nodded and went on his way to the blacksmith shack. Able to meet up with his best bud, putting a hand on the dragon's head, giving away that wouldn't be taken flight as a now.

Trying to shake of the lingering cold, moved on the path to the shack, upon seeing the half-size of his father's body, firing up the pits: to get some metal to bend.

"Morning Gobber, is something up with dad or something?" Hiccup asked, as he looked for his iron-apron, fishing out for some metal

blubs to flatten.

"Can't say, must oddly be, the whole, son went to an off place, sending no word back of things. As in giving the sign he was still alive. You know how it is, for a man to worry about his only child, but it can't happen from a man like him." Gobber soon turns to face Hiccup a pointed look when he was quickly done.

Hiccup only groaned, went on his way to his section of the shack to work on his latest project.

"Yeah, but banning me and Toothless, might I add, from flying for a few weeks doesn't make things better, Gobber."

Gobber just shook his head, leaving the lad to his work, as he went to his. Seeing; no point on leaning more on the matter.

The lad only glanced once over his shoulder, seeing Gobber was leaving him alone. Eyes moving back the sketches of his project, seeing for some reason of how two pieces were not forming the way they should have.

Once more feeling that cold chill, having to look out the open sills to see it was indulged be indeed spring, as spring as it could get in Berk that is.

"Snows nine months, hails the other three." Hiccup said aloud, rolling his eyes, going back to work.

"Really, is that how it is in a place like this?" A voice called out in question, any closer, the person could have been Hiccup himself that said that, only it sounded no close to his voice.

In shock, dropped his tools, turning back to the sill, seeing nothing, but knew the voice came from there. Shrugging it off when Gobber asked him if he was okay, answering back he was, it was just a bee.

When seeing Gobber was away from him, Hiccup took the chance, whispering gently.

"Jack, is that you?"

Back at the sill, the white-haired boy dunks in, from the top of the shack, smiling wildly at Hiccup.

"Hiccup, it's so good to see you . . ."

The other hushed him, glancing over to Gobber, who didn't flinch back, but did ask if Hiccup was catching a cold or something.

"No, I'm fine. Drop a tool on my foot is all." Hiccup said back, while glaring at Jack, who wore a large smile still plaster on his face.

"You're the only who can see and hear me. Relax, or he'll think you have gone senseless."

"Wouldn't be the first time . . ."

"I thought you said that after the grand alignment two summers ago, you didn't have to work in here anymore."

Hiccup slowly and carefully went back to work, gesturing Jack in by looking like he was cracking his shoulder, patting a place for Jack to sit as he looked for something to write with him. Some charcoal would have to do.

Finding some blank papers to write on, sparing a moment to Jack and Gobber. Hoping the white hair boy understood. Who in return gave a nod, looking to where Hiccup was writing something.

I'm in a bit of trouble for not sending word to my father of what was going on, over in the north isles. Thus, I'm banned from flying until he says otherwise. Toothless is very much not pleased by this.

"Where is the overgrown lizard? I didn't see him when . . ." He cleaned his throat for a moment before finishing with. ". . . Falling in on this place?"

With the other dragons, mostly in the woods . . . or maybe up at Raven's Point. Just being giant lizards that they are.

"Oh, and?"

I can't really go anywhere at the moment. Maybe when Gobber goes for a drink, we'll do something then.

"Okay . . ." Jack sighed out, about to leave the shop, heading off to looked through the village on his own.

Yet, before even getting a foot out the sill, he heard the quick tap from Hiccup, in a way asking him to come back, pointing to something that was newly written.

Jack gave a fast glance at it, giving a lop smile to it.

"Berk's my new home, said by those who had me sent to the dome. And so far from what I can see, I already like it. And you said it snows nine months of the year, this is great."

Jack floated back to the table, back pressed against the wall, legs and feet hanging over him, as he looked to Hiccup upside down, giving a smirk that beheld more as a frown, but it was still a smile.

"Could you tell more of this place and its seasons? We are going to somewhat be neighbors for a while."

Where do you want me to start?

"Anything you can, without the big guy over there; thinking you're a far cry from help."

I'll see what I can do.

Chapter 13: Passing Days; Without a Care Part 1

"You're still in trouble?" Jack asked; floating outside of Hiccup's window, watching the said person relaxed on his bed.

"If; there some way, anything at all, of getting my father to let up the punishment, than I would do it. But . . ."

"But, Vikings have stubborn issues, made of the toughest mutton made in the harshest winters."

Hiccup looked to Jack with a face of amusement. Only to have the other give one back, as if Hiccup was the one that had gone man. But it finally came to about why.

"Oh, I heard a lot of your villagers say it. At first it was very funny, but now, anything new about your dad would be great."

The brown hair boy let a laugh out, nodding his head, soon taking the time to sit up in his bed. Eyeing; a bit at the door, for when it open and his father came out of the blue.

"My dad is going on a trip to see the northern landers, seeing as things are okay now. I, hopefully, can leave the house soon."

Jack nodded his head as he said. "No rush on that, Toothless been keeping me busy. This place has so much to see. It's very grand."

"Don't waste it."

"I haven't. There is still I haven't gone off to." Jack added, rocking a bit on the windowsill, soon his eyes saw something below, watching the person walked on, and not seeing a spirit watching them.

"Hiccup, your lovely Astrid is here, shouldn't greet her as she passes?"

The other only rolled his eyes, deciding to get out of bed and go over his desk for something to do, choosing to not listen to Jack.

"Meeting her person, well as close I can, she's a bit . . . how should I say this . . ."

"If it's not something that would even say your own mother would want to hear. Then don't."

"Okay, I wouldn't, but . . ."

"Jack."

"Okay, not a word out of me." Jack answered back, slowly entering the room, finding the sill to becoming unbearable to sit on, and have a look around.

Hiccup feeling the sudden change of temp, glancing to see Jack was closer and looking the drawings hanging on the walls. Shrugging his shoulders, left Jack to look on, it kept him busy, and not bothering

him.

"You really like dragons?"

"When I was younger and wanted nothing less to become as one as my people, it was all I could think about. Finding their weakness, patterns through daily life, and much more."

"But when bonding Toothless . . ."

"I wanted nothing more than keeping them safe and wanting others to understand. There have been some close calls."

Jack gave a chuckle, leaning against Hiccup, siding hugging him, with a big grin.

"What could happen in this world that great dragon whisper cannot do?"

"You heard that from the villagers."

Jack moved away, looking slightly sheepish.

"More or less, though not in such grand detail as others have gone; like that Astrid girl."

Hiccup nodded his head in understanding, going back to work, feeling the cold by him. Jack hover a bit, trying to look at some pictures that were a little higher than others. Quickly trying to grab that fell, when he moved another picture.

"Oops, sorry, Hiccup, I'll get that." Jack said in a rush, picking up some of the papers falling to the floor.

"No, it's fine." Hiccup said back, helping out.

Together the two picked up the papers. Jack trying to get as many before Hiccup, for it was his fault; he would take the most of the trouble. Until stopping near one picture, noticing who was in it.

"Your mother looks very celestial." Jack told Hiccup, handing the paper when Hiccup asked for it.

The white hair boy saw right away of the sad smile that came when Hiccup looked the picture.

"I'm sure someday she'll come back."

Hiccup shook his head, hoping for the same, as he placed the paper with the rest. Standing; up to rest them on his desk. Jack did the same.

"Can't help but wonder though, was being a Viking such a big deal that family came second. I know my father thought the same, once, but . . ."

Both of the boys' eyes went to Hiccup's fake leg, to which Jack patted the other on the shoulder, giving a smile when the other looked to him.

"I am really bored. You think we can sneak out now, get in trouble later, and work from there?"

Hiccup gave a smile back, a little stronger than the last.

"Let me grab some things and I will meet you outside."

Jack jumped in air, almost hitting the ceiling, in joyousness, and zoomed out the room out through the window, calling out to meet him at the forest's edge.

Hiccup going as fast as he could, packing a bit of things he'll likely need. Carefully stepping; through the house, grabbing spare stuff along the way, as he reached for the back door, shutting it without anyone hearing. Dashing for the woods, in full speed, not looking back, barely missing the loose root out for him, but: luckily missed.

14. Passing Days Without a Care Part 2

Chapter 13: Passing Days; Without a Care Part 2

When cleared away, the small village known as Berk, faded more and more the two went deeper into the woods. Jack take the moment to soar and dodged the tress, in hopes to fine-tune his flying. This freedom was just what he needed, glancing over his shoulder, eyes casted down to the ground, seeing Hiccup not far behind, wearing a small pack on his back. With a sudden turn, Jack almost crashed into Hiccup, but luckily it was just the dirt.

"Getting the hang of that, yes?" Hiccup asked, helping the other back to his feet, laughter loosely leaving him in soft chuckles.

"Yes!" Jack said, jumping a bit, covered in slight dirt and remains of grey snow, he looked like he didn't mind.

"Good to hear." Hiccup said back, before adding. "Where do you want to head first?"

"Your homeland, Hiccup, lead the way."

The other nodded, starting a slim path not far from them, hidden very well from the lack of travels on it. Jack used his staff to hover next to Hiccup, less of chance to battered up his feet from smoothness-less rock.

Hiccup started to point out some small clearings, that lead ways to the ocean, farther up the hills, well-known picking grounds. Stopping near one of the picking grounds, that had some shrubs, baring berries.

"Do spirits eat?" Hiccup asked, picking some of the riper blue-tinted berries, handed some to Jack.

"I know some of the other spirits do. Wind speaks that it's the habits of their once other self." Jack stated, taking a few, popping in one, soon said. "Taste is what seems is lost in that, a bit like swallowing air almost, but it has a form, texture, smell, but no

taste."

Hiccup took notice of how Jack rose his hand full of berries closer to his face, smelling them, with a smile shaping later.

"They smell wonderful, no doubt the taste is the same."

He snacked on a few more, eyes looking around the area some more, missing the look Hiccup was giving him.

Hiccup not wanting the other to see it, shook it off, pointing out another place.

"About a few yards from here, is where I found and soon later bonded with Toothless. Want to go see that?"

Jack finished off the berries, brushing off his hand with the side of his pants, nodding.

"Sure."

Straying off the path, weaving through the curves and dunks of tree stumps, arches, and whipping hanging limbs.

"You doing okay with the spring here?"

"Not as warm as to other places, it's nice. Has that right chill for it."

Hiccup gave a nod back, walked up to a log, having to go under where a small opening was. Jack jumped over it.

It was then Hiccup remember something, calling out to Jack to stopped for a moment. Removing the pack from him, opening it, soon looking through it. Pulling out Jack's cloak.

"I though you lost it." Jack said, reaching for it, placing it back on his shoulder once more, faded flecks of frost covered it once more.

"No, I had to remove it and hid it. Some of the people can frankly be a bit nosy. Been meaning to give it back, but it would have seen strange to others to oddly be holding up a cloak and it disappeared or something out of thin air."

"The world of the myths still confusing me as well."

"As I would hate to say it, it might rely on fear?"

Hiccup questioned as they kept moving on to the clearing of which Hiccup spoke of before.

"How so?"

"Stories of myths, relying on the emotions. Elders always told us young ones to fear the unknown. Never go in search of it. I guess with you, and the stories of the Protector of Winter who strikes fears in others, seeing you wasn't that hard. I guess about how, others haven't, there is no threat to fear, thus it can't be real."

"Does that mean you still fear me?"

Hiccup looked to Jack, noticing the frown the white hair boy wore on his face. Hiccup shook his.

"No, fear might have made me see you, but I think it's more about, if your real, than what else is?"

"But not me?"

Hiccup just gave a smile to which was return.

"Not enough backbone, Jack!"

Jack's smile went a little wider, hovering higher in the air, only to say. "I mean it, fish bone!"

"Oh, the horror!" Hiccup called back in mockery.

Jack waved his staff a bit, forming a small cloud over Hiccup, having him soon covered in snow. At the sight, the keeper of winter just laugh. But a snowball to the face stopped it.

"Oh, you have brought this on yourself, Hiccup!" Jack yelled back, dive-bombing on the other.

The playful attack was cut short, when Jack was taken down by a large, black, winged lizard.

"Toothless!" Hiccup called to his dragon, who was playfully rolling with Jack on the ground.

"My plans dash by a gecko. Oh, the humility!" Jack laughed.

Hiccup eyed the location from where Toothless came from, looks to safety be he wasn't followed.

"Hey, Hiccup, is that it?"

When looking back to the other noticing how both were covered in dirt, he rolled his eyes at the sight. Changing to see where Jack was pointed off to.

"Yeah, come on." He stated, walking by the two, trying not to let the laughter get the best of him. But the faint word of childish wasn't far behind. A scatter of snow soon hit him, as he turned to face the others, they were pointing accusing faces at each other.

"Wasn't me." Jack pointedly said.

Hiccup rose an eyebrow to them. Soon went on moving, missing of how Jack patted Toothless on the head in a pleasing matter. Soon both followed after.

Blue eyes went wide of the huge scale of the area of the cove. Using his staff, glided about. Noticing of how tree roots ran down the sides of the rounded rim cove, trailing down over rocky ledges. How the small pool of clear water rested in the middle of the area. A level out area plains rest not far from hunt shape of a caved

laid.

Jack could see some things still within the cave.

"Sometimes, the village can be overwhelming, this is a nice place to get away from it."

Jack gave a nod of understand, even though he was sure the reasons were off.

"Want to make camp here? There is still a lot to see, and with Toothless, it's more possible."

"I like that." Jack said to Hiccup, then looking to Toothless. "You think you can keep up with, me, lizard?"

A pleasing growl came out, as if saying to Jack if he could too, with Toothless.

"You are on, Toothless!"

Meanwhile back at Berk, Gobber was shutting down the shop for the night. Grabbing a lantern, heading over to the head chief's house. Heading in, upon seeing that most of the house was still dark, lighting up the fireplace from just the ambers before, brightening up the place. Calling out to Hiccup, waited, then headed up the stairs to Hiccup's room, only to see that the was gone, when seeing the door was left a jar, one of the many trunks in the boy's room left open.

"It's feels as there is two of them." Gobber groaned, shutting Hiccup's door, heading back down, noticing that the backdoor was still left a crack.

A sign left the stout man, thinking best do this in the morning than at night. Let the boy come home on his own. Stressing the punishment wasn't Gobber's job, thinking to himself, that the kid's got a good head on his shoulder.

"How much trouble could . . . not even going to finish that."

With that Gobber rested himself on one of the large fur pelt chairs, repeating in his head that in the morning to worry. Rest now.

Back in the forest, at the cove, the three made camp, relaxing around the fire. The two boys sharing small details of what happen when they parted. Jack found someway to change the subject something the other would rather be talking about, gladly it work, for now. Hiccup speaking of the coming knowledge of the stars, honestly happy that someone found what he had to was interesting. Though Jack did find ways of saying some of the star's names were too funny not to laugh at. But it didn't bother the other. As with Toothless rested in his chard bed, huffing snores as he slept.

Hiccup spared a moment to turn the fish in the fire, deeming them ready shortly later.

"Jack?"

The other tearing away his eyes from the sky to look to the

other.

"Yes?"

"Do you ever worry about the others?"

"That I could be sent back to the dome?"

Hiccup gave a nod.

Jack shrugged.

"Worry wouldn't come close to it, but sure, we'll go with that. I want to show them I can be something close to them, but I understand that it feels more like a dream than anything else. But who knows. It's a nice thought."

"Do you ever remember the reason your center becomes too much?" Hiccup asked, grabbing for the cooked fish, nibbling it, seeing as Jack cooled his to almost it being hard as a rock, biting largely into it.

A shook head of a no was the given answer.

"It's an unknown fear, like you said. Until I know what it is, it's best to go on what I already know. And that's not to over do it. North said that once the seasons fully change, I go and come. I have seen some of the spirits, traveling to Berk, they don't mind me. Some surprise that I have left the dome or didn't even know who I was. Strange, but it didn't feel unwelcome."

Hiccup was very glad to hear that.

"Do you know when the other spirits are going to come and check on you?"

Jack gave a laugh.

"No, I don't! But I wouldn't be shock if it's that dang rabbit to become the first."

"Right."

Hiccup laughing along, seeing that who ever this rabbit spirit was, Jack wasn't worry, so nor should he.

"In the morning, Hiccup, what's next?"

"Let's play it by ear?"

"I like the sound of it!"

"That joke was too corny, even for you."

They both ended up in laughs not long later.

Follow morning came, casting the cove in a welcoming light. Slight feeling of a chill, was there, bumping the uncovered flesh of the human to feel it, luckily it wasn't that bothering, so sleep took over.

Until, the feel of sudden blobs of snow fallen of the body that was in a light rest, to quickly be worn out, by the barks of laughter and growls of joys. The boy shot up out of the mounts of snow, glaring to wherever the sounds of mocking came from. Eyes landing on a tree, not far from where Hiccup rested, glancing up to where the joyful sounds came from.

The glare still etched on his face, took a quick motion, rolling up a ball of snow and tossed it at them. Missing them and hitting a part of the branch the two jokers were relaxing on.

"You two are just meant for each other." Hiccup called out in annoyance, as he tried once more to hit them, getting only a bit of Jack's leg.

Who responded over the top, falling with easy to ground, giving cries of mocking that he was hit and in pain from such a deadly blow. Begging Toothless to run far away and without him. But the pleads died into laughter, even as a shadow loomed over him, having Jack to peek a look to see Hiccup over him, dropping a large amount of snow on him, as payback from before.

"Hey! Toothless, come on, help me out here."

The dragon gave a huff and relaxed on the tree, ignoring the other two.

Hiccup tried and failed to keep a small chuckle to leave his lips.

"Don't feel too bad. I asked for the same thing when some of the younger kids did the same." Hiccup stated, with a shrug, holding a hand out to Jack to grab, before adding. "We even?"

Jack gave a smirk and nodded, grabbing Hiccup's warm hand that just melt silvers of frost of him, but again, the smirk was still in place. And quickly Jack pulled Hiccup into the magic conjoined gathering of packed snow, having the fall scratcher the snow around them.

"Jerk."

"Fish."

"That is not an insult."

"Sure it is!"

Hiccup only rolled his eyes, getting to his, as Jack did the same. Who was brushing snow off himself, but stilled, glancing around the area.

"So, I was thinking maybe we could . . ."

"Maybe later." Jack cut off Hiccup, eyes looking everywhere, but nowhere.

Willing his body to move, he focus his eyes on Hiccup, with a smile. A small one, but it was something. In a flash, he whistled for the winds, enough to rise him from the ground, sending his staff that laid on the ground by the pile of snow into his open hand.

"Something wrong?"

"No. I just remember, that I need get to doing something. When I'm free from it, I'll stop by. That okay?"

Hiccup could have question Jack further into the matters, yet, recalled the matters in question were things he knew so little of. Matters of human and spirits couldn't get any different from what they were. In return, it was easily agreed. Hiccup calling for Toothless that they were leaving, just in time as Hiccup turn to see Jack was gone the moment the winds picked up, leaving the coming words to fade on the ends of Hiccup's mouth.

With a sigh, Hiccup settled on Toothless, having set back to Berk. One last look over his shoulder before they took off.

16. Season's Work

Chapter 14: Season's Work

Jack watched from the treetops, seeing Hiccup taking flight with Toothless back home, keeping eyes on them long enough until they were just a small speck in the air. Closer to home and far from the forest.

Letting a large sigh leave his body, grip on his staff tighten, nodding that was greatly done. Blue eyes once again looking around the woods again, searching, body still and alert. Jumping branch to branch of different trees, that rested near each, to where that odd sense. A coat of frost trail not far behind him. Nearing a clearing, lush and blooming, free of trees and farther into the woods.

With a small leap from the last tree, crouch down on the clearing, his staff armed up and ready. Whispering quietly into the air, to Wind in hopes for a little help. The response given, only made his shoulder tighten more.

"Hard to understand of this agreement and I can already see . . . it's been wasted."

Jack turned, on edge, around to face the voice that spoke.

"Wait! North said until next winter. Spring has just started and . . ."

"Relax. You've didn't break no rules . . . yet. But instead of training, you choose to mess with the mortals. No harm . . ."

"What I do with this mortal is not your concern. Nor any other. I'll train, I will . . . just . . ."

Jack stopped, straighten his body, eyes calm and set on the other.

"Just leave that one mortal alone. I'll keep my what I said to North, honest I will. Please. Speak nothing, do nothing, go nowhere him please . . . please, Bringer of Spring."

The other just eyed the boy during and after he was quickly done talking. Arms crossed, leaning more on his left side in an angle to see the sprite in whole. Noticing small shivers raking off the boy. If the other showed emotion to the boy, it was well-kept.

The Pooka gave a huff, while running one mutation paw rub one ear, as the other held close to his midsection. Eyes closed for a moment, spacing out to calm. The sudden spike of chill far too hard not to miss.

"Watch that anger you got there, mate."

As those words left, the spring wave of heat returned, but the chill remain as a fading ghost.

"I'm not going to do anything. I check early in for the sake of . . ."

"Pity?"

" . . . Worry, you bloody frostbite."

The tone alone made Jack look down in fear of something to come, but thankfully, nothing came his way.

"Sorry."

The rabbit waved it off, looking around the area.

"This will be your training spot. Far from that village, and your friend. Safety, got it." The Pooka stated, moving around the area, feeling the cool eyes back on him, soon adding. "You made a slip."

"I-I know." Jack responded back, slowly moving along with the other, staying in eye view and far from reach.

"All that time with that place and you were able not speak of anything to that mortal."

"His life had much to say than I did. He never brought it up, much that is, just enough."

"A liar? Should I worry about that too?"

Shock sprung itself on Jack's face, shaking and pleading. Words becoming jumbled, meshing over each other, fear pouring around him in a mist of thick ice.

"Easy kid."

Jack willed just as quickly, the pleading words never

stopping.

"Kid, Frostbite, I get it. Touchy subject. Moon knows that is far behind us. Understand?"

"Yes. You promise though?"

The Pooka gave a nod, soon saying. "When I meet you again, some training on your emotions better be more tame, aye?"

"Yeah, I'll put it on top of my list."

"How's your flight and other things?"

Jack gave a weak laugh at the word of flight, stated it was coming along. Keeping the warmth of other seasons are something to work on. Recalling of when Hiccup helped it him up, as he hissed in pain through thought from the heated skin of the other. Last thing needed for that if the human knew, that he, himself, was a weapon.

Fear; helps mortals come to see beyond the normal, most cases. But fear also, can sadly be the end, unknowingly or not.

"Anything else, sir?"

The rabbit made a quick face from the last word said.

"Bunnymund should do quick nicely. I'll leave you now, Frostbite, train on what I said. Coming winter, do your best, I'll hoping to at least know if this was wise. Got it?"

"So clear that my brain has it sewn in, forever."

Bunnymund's ears twitched from the small signs of playfulness leave the other's mouth. His only responded back with a roll of his eyes. Shaking his head, bit farewell, thumping the ground to morph an portal hole and was gone. Leaving Jack alone once more, who just fell on his back, giggles of glee echoed out of him, repeating in his head that he can do this.

Also knowing what made this worth it, as he wasn't alone. Not this time. Those gleeful eyes looked where Bunnymund left, a small purple hue Aster resting there. Knowing in soon, the training has to quickly be done.

To that, stood up once more, loosen himself, getting ready to this training.

Elsewhere, returning back Berk, in time to see that clouds were forming closer to the island, a hail storm. A light one, but sub work was going to be lacking and slow when it came.

Hiccup up landed Toothless, unhinged the saddle and ushering the dragon to where the dragons rested during storms like this. Quickly joining others to do the same with farm animals into the barns. Locking them down and safety away.

The roaring of the waves were thundering against the rocks, cliffs, and docks. From the pathway that scaled up to the opening of the village, Hiccup notice that the ship his father and a few others

took, had yet to return.

It made him concern but also relief that he could get some work done in Berk, without his overprotective father stalling his plans. Yet, there was still his other father-like person, Gobber.

Who was waiting for him at the head house. A question there on his face, right shoulder leaning on the door frame.

"Hiccup, running off and where to?"

The young teen looked away from the other, one hand rubbing his neck, coming up quickly with a reply.

"Toothless was acting up, I thought it would be better for him not doing in the village. Sorry I didn't say anything sooner. Parts of woods are charred, you're welcome."

Gobber rose an eyebrow to Hiccup, but only stated he is surely needed to help tie up the remaining ships at the docks. Pointing to Hiccup to head down the smith shed, having anything place away and cleaned up. With another word of gladness that Hiccup was safe and home, leaving him.

Hiccup rushed over to the smith shed, cleaning up and organizing the shed. Looking out through the openings of the windows and door, saw others boarding up the windows of homes, gather much dry wood there was, bringing in smaller items inside that were far to easy to lose in a storm.

"Hiccup, where have you been?"

Hiccup glanced near the doorway, waving in greeting to who he saw, straightening up the molten steel room, and heading to where he did his building and planning.

"Hi Astrid, I was out in the woods, helping Toothless." Hiccup started out with, before sparing a moment to lock the back windows shut, rushing over to another side of the shed, as he soon added. "He was having some pain or something, he's feeling better now, and I'm glad he didn't do it in the village." With a short coming pause, Hiccup tried to push some large contraption, having the following come out in strain. "It wouldn't would have been pretty. Why . . . something go wrong?"

She only stated back while coming over to help Hiccup with the said object. "No, Snotlout said it was nothing with Hookfang, which is not true. He's not eating or leaves the hut."

"Another toothache?" Hiccup asked, once everything was settle, glancing back at Astrid once more.

"Not this time. Gobber made sure of that. After the storm, do you think you can check him."

"Yeah, I'll do that now. There is still time, before the storm. Head in and I'll handle this."

"Best as always."

Hiccup just gave a smile from the snarky words, bidding her a goodnight, rubbing his cheek later as she snuck a kiss on him before running off. With a smaller grin, he did the same, towards the dragon hut that rested within a dragon-made cave that had a fleshly sewn sheep fur cover, banded and mended tightly on the rocks around the now covered cave.

Pushing the cover up and over, having amber of torches lighten the room. Having the area light bright enough to see, even with the odd form of shadows casted creepily around where the walls bare of nothing. In spare moments, Hiccup greeted other dragons as he pasted by, calling for Snoutlout's dragon, a weak groan of a growl, finally came from Hookfang.

Resting still in his bedding locale. Tried eyes that were blood-shot and swarm in pain.

"Hey Hookfang, how you feeling?" Hiccup asked, carefully placing a hand on the large spiky reptile, his only reply that was returned was a huff of a snort while nudging the boy's hand.

Hiccup took a breath, warning Hookfang he was going to check for batter places. Gently as wind, looking over the dragon, coming near on the back leg that was easy to see, and stretched out to maybe weaken the pain. Noticing a large cut, not deep but long, an easy fix. Running his hand on the outline of the cut, when a growl was given, Hiccup hushed Hookfang, when soon hearing a different growl.

Turning to see Toothless was there, helping and easing Hookfang, leaving Hiccup to get back to work. Taking his hand away when seeing weird substance left sticking to the scales. The color was off and unlike to any Hiccup had yet to seen.

Rubbing it off his hands, eyes catching some lose scales on the ground from Hookfang's latest shedding, some of the scales covered in the said powder. Reaching for his book, placing some of the scales to look at later. Calming Hookfang he'll be fine and would have a quick fix. Rushing farther back into the cave where some crates where left for medical uses.

Coming back to Hookfang, cleaning and mending the wound. Having Toothless to watch him, before soon leaving. Into the wake of the gale, having to dash quickly home and hopefully for it to settle soon, for that's how the season's work.

With that, called it a night.

17. Quick Questions and Slow Answers

Chapter 15: Quick Questions and Slow Answers

By next morning, the hail storm had settled, covering the land in a light frost. So hazing, when stepping on it, slowly it melt, as spring was dominant enough. Chill faint, bumping the skin, clouding the breath that was left through the villagers mouths as they worked on.

Hiccup slowly ready himself for the day. First on his list, going

back to check on Hookfang, making sure he did okay during the storm. With that in mind, rushed off to the cave. Greeting a few people along the way, finally reaching the cave. Thankful to see that most of the dragons were out, less of a rile to come, also to add that Toothless stayed near Hookfang in hopes to calm the easily temper dragon.

"Hey bud, how's the patient?" Hiccup asked, walking over to the two, patting his pal's head, as he stepped closer to Hookfang.

Gently ran a hand on the snout on the ill dragon, that leaned into, mix with sleep and barely awareness. Hiccup quietly ask Toothless to stay where he was, as Hiccup headed near the wounded leg. Slowly and tensely unwrapped the wraps, surprise to see that most of the scar had almost completely healed. The night before, the wound would take up weeks maybe a month or so to heal.

"You're doing fine Hookfang, keep resting, you'll be up and healthy soon. Just rest."

Almost to it, Hookfang did just that. Leaving for Hiccup to wrapping the fresh saliva leg, having him and Toothless leave the cave. Before so, the fire spots were relit for warmth and light. Heading out, meeting to Snoutlout, informing of the news, finishing other work, and with that headed in a confusing route to lose if anyone followed, as Hiccup and Toothless rushed into the woods.

In way of the forest, Jack went on his training, very happy to see that the emotion levels had even out. Far from what the Pooka could be asking for, but far better than before.

With one last stroke on his arm waving side to side, his work was finally done. Calling to the winds for him to have a sky view of it. In a sudden gust, up he went, able to see his work.

It wasn't much, but it would its job that was ever-so needed, twitching his staff in from of him, holding it only it's center, as he made a small cloud of flurry to block out some of the sun and just over the opening.

"Jack!"

A voice broke him out of his trance, turning to face where it came from, a smile plaster on his face when seeing his mortal friend.

"Hiccup, good morning."

"Morning, and, oh, thanks for the hail storm."

Jack gave a look of confusion to the other, as he float closer, when close enough asked. "What hail storm?"

It was Hiccup now confused, to that in returned asked. "You mean it wasn't you last night that made that hail storm?"

The other shook his head.

"Storms like hail isn't something I am allowed to do. Must have been one of Moon's other helpers. As for me, I'm on training, no season

messing until they say otherwise."

Hiccup looked to ask more, but notice part of Jack handy work in a clearing not far from them, having change his question.

"What's that?" Hiccup questioned, pointed to what he was talking about.

Jack followed his finger, smiling, telling him to come along. Once they landed, Jack showed Hiccup his hand training area. Pointing out the area around them.

Having a place to work on his aiming. Nothing else but a tall wall that stretched up against a few trees. Some parts of the wall darker shade of white against the ice.

Leaving outside the rim of the trees where light leftovers of frost, using the trees as a maze, around, for likely to work on his flying.

Setting off of Toothless for him to run around, caught up with Jack as he kept talking about his training area, proudly.

Hiccup stepped around with Jack, he told more and more about his little training area.

"You have been working on this all night?"

"Yeah . . . took breaks to wander around the woods more, but not much else to do. I could sleep, but again, it's a human nature I haven't grown out of."

"I see."

Jack turned to Hiccup, when hearing a different tone, in the other's voice.

"Everything okay?"

Hiccup glanced at Jack, giving a quick moment of silence to think, before saying. "I'm not really sure. Adjusting really."

"To what?"

"To this world, that up until now, I never knew was really real."

"Happens. It's normal, or that's what Wind tells me anyway."

Hiccup gave a nod, somewhat understanding what Jack was saying. But recall of why he came.

"You weren't in the village were you?"

"No, I wanted to, but, umm, something told me it was a bad idea."

"Oh, what?"

"Training mostly."

"Okay."

"Did something happen in your village?" Jack asked, worried but did his best to calm, thinking only the worst.

"One of the dragon rider's in training, has an ill and hurt dragon down and resting, and while I was seeing what was wrong." Hiccup started out with, open his furred vest, opening it for one of its side pockets, pulling out something wrapped in cloth. Soon adding. "I came across this, a dust or something, not something I have seen before."

"Sorry to hear about one of the dragons." Jack stated, holding out for the wrap and unravel it to see the said dust, eyeing it oddly. With soon asking. "I can't say for sure of where this might have come from. Not really something I would say, I know. Coming winter someone is coming to check on me, I could ask, if you're okay with waiting?"

Hiccup didn't want to, but recalling with how Hookfang was healing, it wasn't that much a hurry. An answer is much so needed, but not much for it.

"No. It's okay. It'll be fine, besides the Hookfang is just as stubborn as his rider." Hiccup said with a smirk, eyeing Toothless, who was found relaxing on large pile of snow.

Jack followed where he was looking, giving bit of pout.

"That's my resting place, you lizard."

The words came in grumbles, but nothing that Toothless took as a threat, relaxed on without taking of the eyes on him.

"Yeah, he does that. Don't mind him."

Jack only rolled his eyes, with a thin sigh, a grin was back on his face, handing the cloth back to Hiccup. Asking he wanted to anything, as with his training day was somewhat done, as a starting point, and doing some fun would do some good now.

"What do you want to do today?"

"I have class to teach for the dragon studies. You could along, no worries of people seeing you."

"That could be fun? Learning: Wind always said it's what keeps people alive some times."

"Come on . . . oh again about the dust?"

"I would you just hang on to, before the start of winter, I'll come get it and have it taken care of. No worries of it."

"If you say so."

Jack just gave a shrug with a large smirk.

18. The Past Awakens

Chapter 16: The Past Awakens

"What is your strength, is also what breaks you."

****Chances of living through it all, low, low as the mind of the wonder.****

"Fear not only what has yet to come, but also what has been left. Only then, will everything come together."

****It slips away, grasping sand and water is a trial. But come only if one lets it.****

"The trust before you now . . . little one, will make all go away, as it only took one misstep to cage you? What then, only then once again."

****Happiness, the emotion, comes easy but also disappears just as quick. Could it all be that simple?****

"Brick by brick, that wall will fall, leaving you alone and defenseless from the danger. A danger, you, yourself made for the sake of what lay you covet into your mind."

****Lost and gain, that's all it is, by the end of it. But, does little of nothing to change it, even if it is only; seen as a grain of sand or a drop of water. It is there, stuck between the cracks of the flesh, as the hand closes to keep it from leaving.****

Blue eyes open in grim from the nightmarish of sleep, looking around the forest, in hopes the calmness of it, would do the same for Jack's body. Little it did, but it was enough to rise from his resting place. Loosen his stiff body as he did so, hearing a soft crack here and there, annoying it was, yet it gave weightless efforts afterwards.

Short recalls of the night and days before, rushed back, hurrying himself that he needed to train. Just long enough before taking off to the village.

Sparing, a moment, within training to mark on a large ice flat he made of days of freedom he had earned. A grand totally count-up: of three months and six days; of freedom, pure freedom.

Jack let a small smile make way on his face, as inside of a joke, he once did the same before, yet the differences of it, made this counting all the welcoming. Even more so, as most of those days were messing around in the village, when he could, today was going to end up as one those days.

Yet, the small gloat could wait. It was training time.

Mastering the ice and winds, seem to go level with each passing day. Largest thing he could make without it going against him, or lack of a better term, falling on him, was anything of a four-foot height by three to three and a half wide before it backfiring.

Jack soon found himself having to dash away when magical ice propel

when he tried for a larger sphere shape style, but alas, it didn't go as plan. Having many shards cover the area, Jack finding safety behind a large tree, one of the spears pierced through the top of the tree.

His looked up and saw it was about a six inches away from him, a slim chance it was, if the sphere was every-so slightly set any lower to the ground.

With a heavy sigh of luck on his side, moved away from the tree, closer to the clearing and stood in the center of it. Raising a hand towards the shard of ice bayoneted within the tree, using his core, in hopes, which willed it to move, praying it would work.

It did, but from another shard, hitting him with it wider side, having Jack ended up on the ground with a grunt of discomfort.

"Really, of all things to happen, that was it?" He grumbled before shoving the shard from him, rubbing the area where he was hit. Nothing too bad, but it stung enough to remind him to wait a little longer before trying that stunt again.

Shaking off that fail, grabbing for his fallen staff, and moved on to another idea, hoping this one would end up a bit better. His eyes scattered around in search where all the parts of the sphere were. Once, all were in mind, set his staff in front of him, closed his eyes, having a clear picture in his mind, off all the shards turned into snow.

A numbing pulse worked its way through the wood, scratching at his fingertips, discolor his palms a darker shade of azure, than the ashy sliver it was before. Jack's face scrunched up in pain, a bolder of weight rested on his shoulders out the blue, as the numbing clamps morphed into a mad animal's bite.

Yet to give up, wasn't nearing that point. He held on a little more, before that weight was just gone, the numbing came back, and he was close of passing out.

Jack only shook it off, denial again of what that dream spoke of before.

"Not this time."

The words left in whispers, for only Wind to hearing in understanding of what he meant.

Finally, once all the aches were gone, he opens his eyes to see the area. A few of the shards where snowed, for those closer to him, but any of those farther off, ranged from half-gone to chunks.

Falling to his knees, with a grin, he would take it. Looking up to the sky, seeing the sun at what hour it was. The village by now was awake.

Shakily he rose once more, having Wind hover him up an enough to fly the woods without getting hurt.

Even with Winds soft bickering that Jack should rest, he paid no mind

to it, reminding the winds that he'll just relax about the village, knowing well from the last few invites Hiccup had given him, best not to let come on easy on him catching even hints of it.

Or even more so, of how dust theories have gone as he been waiting for one the guardians to come see him. As on when Hiccup came with the dust, things have been off to say in the kindest of sense.

Thinking back, maybe he should have no and took off in screech of the others. But then, the thoughts of what the human would think of that kind of reaction. No, nothing, best not.

When coming up to the village, Jack said to winds to slow down enough for him to end up on his feet and go on his own.

Though that linger feeling to look over his shoulder back to the clearing was tempting, he choose not to. For maybe, that if not going back, the past awaken would be that of his dreams. Distance and unclear; and far from being real: just as before.

Nearing one of many the houses, Jack looked about, smiling. Life in many forms there are, but that of people have become one his favorites. Plus side to find his human friend and run off to catch up to him.

Yet, the plan for prank was something he couldn't let go as the smile turned into a smirk. A rough morning this was going to end up being for Hiccup.

19. Trouble of Them

Chapter 17: Trouble of Them

It was to come as that, nearly half a year of freedom and it still, like a fragile glass fable. Easy to break if even look wrong and it was gone. But it was here, still he stood free, made friends along the way, earned a less stained side with those, who wouldn't blink to lock him away again. But the cards were being craftily played right, he was safe, the prison was never to come.

_The only real trouble there was and luckily only the pranks that were carefully made. In which he found enjoyable as his friend, who was mostly the target, lean way on whatever side it took for the spirit to lighten highly up in his jokes. They work at times, rarely, but they were gems at the end of it all. _

Unwary of everything, but seeing it all.

"Trouble it would seem for those two . . . boring at most."

A long, bone, ashy-white hand hovered over the mist, spiraling the smoke clouds to change angles with ease.

"That little troublemaker is very much unknown of what the others. I as well."

The tall figure slump a bit, letting that known thought take its time to fill the space.

"Pity. Yet, how could a moment like this be wasted. Too easy."

The free hand that wasn't working with the heavy fog, brought forth another glamor gateway mirror. To give another site.

The place made the figure smile, a very easy loose smile. A sign of mock at best.

"For whatever it took for your freedom Jack Frost, I doubt it will be hard to have been gone just the same. In time, you'll be back where you belong."

The scene focus more and more, as fingers flexed certain points, eerily for some joints bending inhuman ways.

"Let's start here and see where it goes, fool."

Bright, pale yellow eyes looked into the mirror of shadows, eyeing the first victim of many to come. blissfully asleep and carefree.

20. Just as Before

Chapter 18: Just as Before

The hurls of the wild winds, deafen the ears to where in distance, there is only a silent where the glow of colorless nor'easter vacant terms. Their screams, blended in the gale, left in a scarlet flood will come soon as the screams come to a halt.

Frozen they were, still as dumb, plastic, mindless dolls, never to ever be moved, again.

A cold hand, dark and grim as it grip in defending what it means. Never disobey. Never forget what the power in one hand. Never spare those who will destroy one's creation.

In void blue eyes that are lost, dead, and obeying to those of the whispering chant. Shoulders slag near the being, of who promised all petty wishes of what a lone soul sought. That was once only seen in dreams.

That grip so tight, far from a father's touch, nor a friend. Far from a foe that would kill, only for so long, until needed. It was a hand of master, praising the ward that did well. And would do again, for just that praise alone, as before to forever now, in what was the future life was.

Fend off those who dare that away. It would do them harm. To themselves and those who granted it. Comes easy enough to voice it, that it just as so.

Crave the taste to never lose it, for fleeting at times those imaginings may ever be. Don't let it go, hold it, obey it. In thought, it is just that easy, for those who know that feeling, if they only try to give in, to that temptation of must and wish.

"Good little wind bender, don't let that feeling go, if they come. Fight them, as they don't understand what you want . . . don't let anyone near that frozen dome, you dared yourself to come it, a heart. For we both know, little blizzard hazard, you don't have one."

"The other remains still in body, a nod was fine enough."

"Not even that boy; you call in foolishness in being in a questionable affiliation. He made be a problem for all the time you have been with him. Do not think, I haven't notice, 'tis only a warning for now, Frost. Don't temp me in seeing this as a mistake."

"A fair in moment, there was no reply. Only having the sickly sweet silent between the two in hazy world, made from passing memories that were only seen as forgotten once before. Now so real, ice and copper drowned the young spirit."

"Do I make myself, clear?"

"Yes, master, he wouldn't a problem anymore. I'll make sure of it."

"Clenching as those words were, they slipped out, easy as a poison that was hazily choked mid-swallow. But they were firmly said. On bitter terms or not; spoken done."

"Though those eyes lived only enough, in being what his outside life knows him as. False now as it is, it meant only to ruse it enough, blending the facts."

"What does that thing has such a grip on you?"

"No reply was given."

"You say you'll take care of it. I know you. Little Frost, you have done well in proving it. How can you on this one? In; establishing your vow to me and only me, hmm how in so, of this."

"Frost gave a shuddering breathe, faking, that he was as well thinking of a plan. Common move, that has never failed it him much, let this be one of the best."

"I'll debate on this. Soon I'll reach you again, this was only luck now. That fat man his so-call guardians will be on me soon. Best you do the same, boy."

"They won't even be an issue, I'm very sure of that, not even the rabbit is aware of it. I can handle it."

"Yes, as it worked so well before. That dome that block me out, says otherwise, you lousy trickster."

"I promise, master, I'll take care of it. I know would never want to get your hands dirty. I'll take care of it."

"I can hope you can so much, Frost. And I know, you're weak . . . you'll break. As before you did and will do so who knows how long in the distance future."

"Master, I won't fail you. Just give me this chance."

Soundless mindful ways took place, short enough to feel long enough, being an eerie world of thought that can belong in this indistinct realm.

"Don't fail me."

"I won't . . ."

The words came and stopped, as they sounded far more loudly than before. Coming in shock, that Jack was awake. So warm that ice sleet melt down his face, as sweat. He rose up from his resting place, in the treetops, miles from the village and nowhere close where he trained.

Another flitch in his resting place, racked the shepherd staff to hit in the head, which hooked above a branch over and nearby where Jack was. In a moment, rubbed where the staff hit his head, rubbing his temple to numb the shadow pain, even it only worked for a moment.

"What was that . . . what? Who is that sinister?" Jack asked to himself, rising up to his feet, snatching his staff and stated to pace on the large branch.

He ponders on how that voice knew him, along that world he was found himself in.

"That's why about the dome. It has to vastly be, there is no other way. Also that dust, that's why it felt familiar, I have seen it before. But from whom is able to make it? Pitch . . . no . . . he's . . ."

Jack let the words dropped. Not wanting to come true. As in passing, North and others have spoken about him, in hopes of understand that being, understood for the most part. But in real thoughts, knew nothing before the dome and during that time in the dome.

He looked to where the village was sadly located. Only having dread fill him. In sudden choice, turn his back to it, maybe in hopes in calming himself. Even for just a second in a falsehood notion.

"It really is not this time; it is far out of my hands. No, no, no, no, no!"

Jack launched out of the tree, forward to where he facing, needing to breathe in air that wasn't choking. Lack of chances it just the guilt.

End
file.